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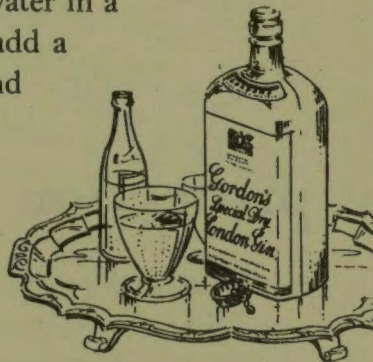
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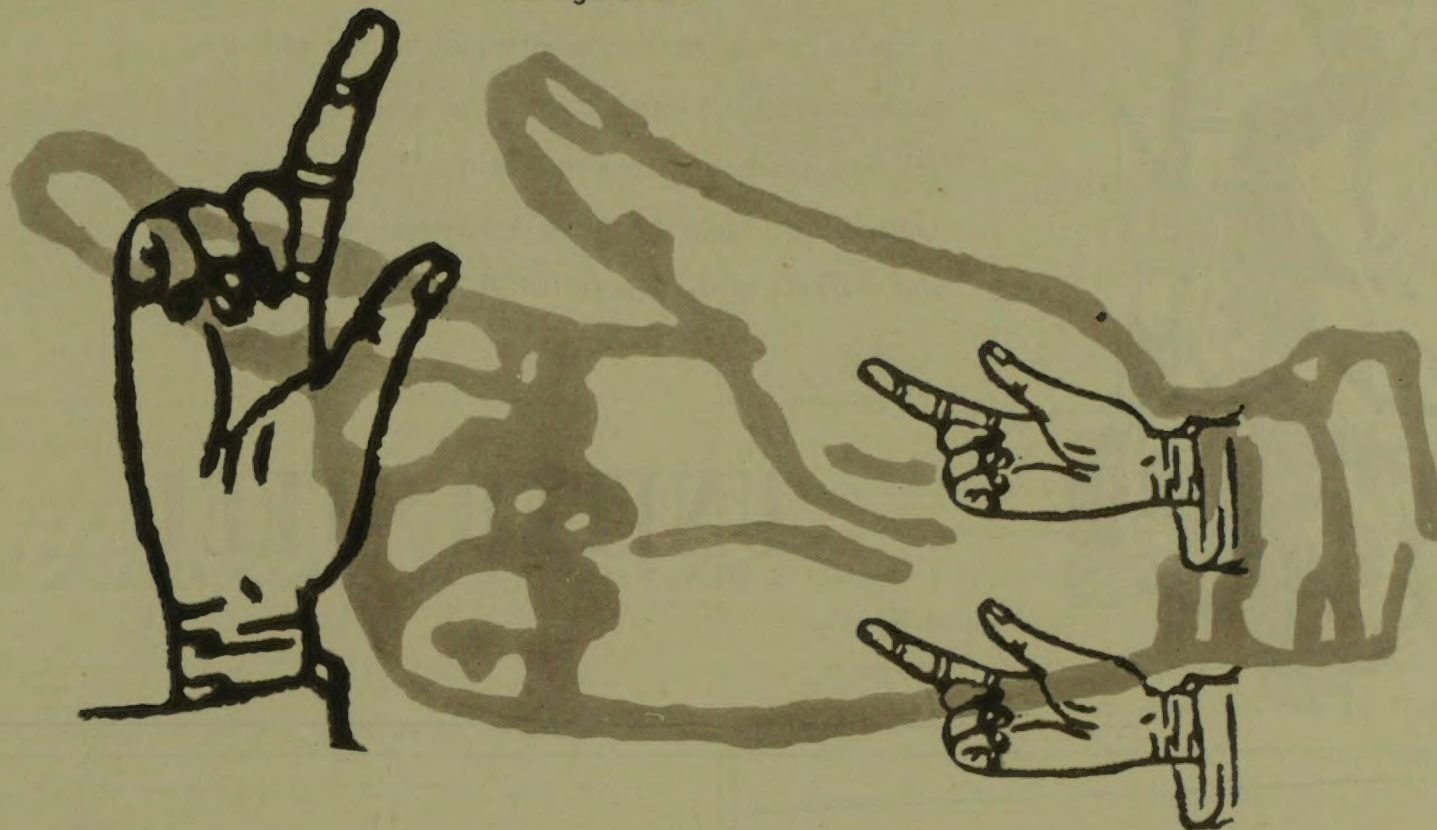
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P22

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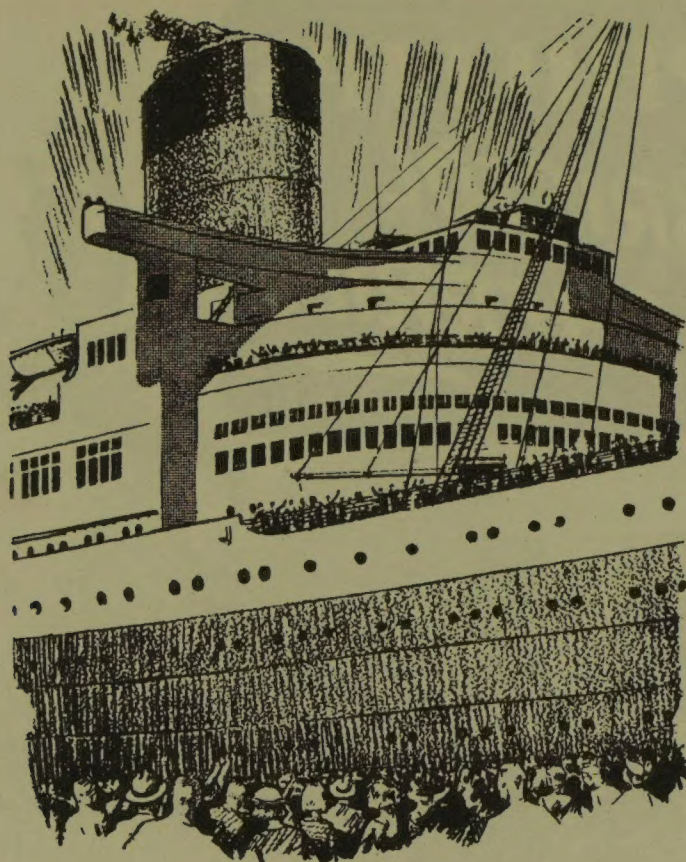
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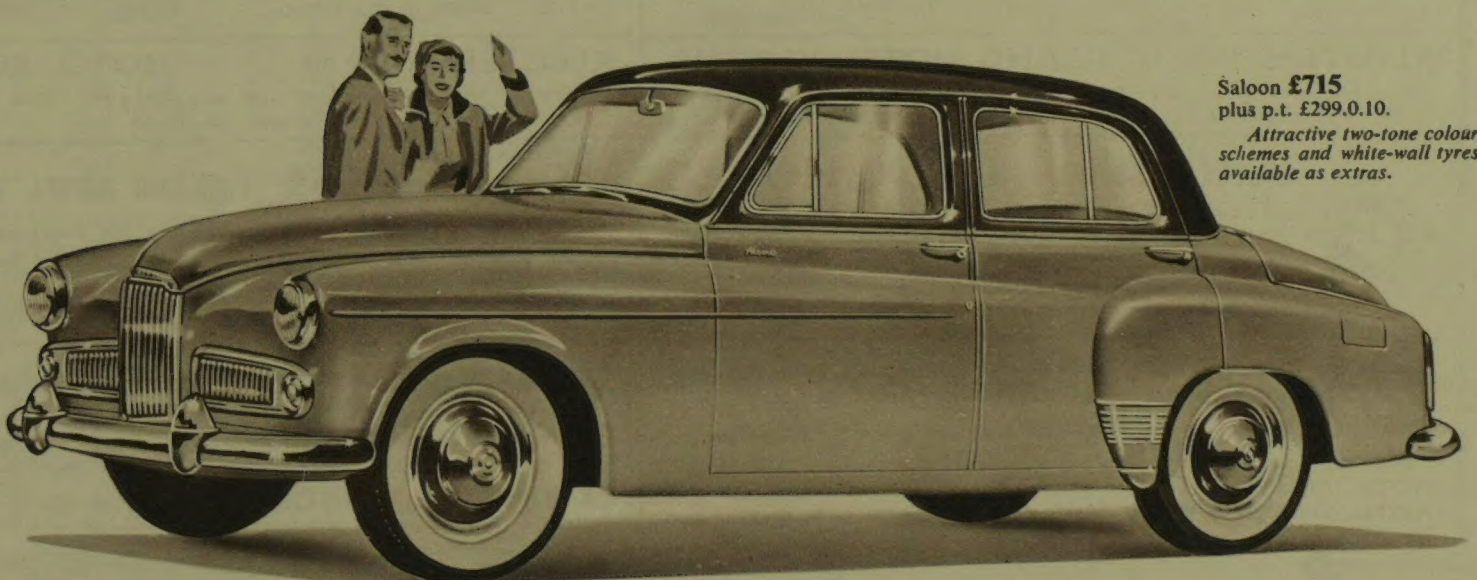
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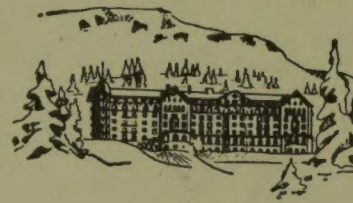
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1955.



"HE MADE HIMSELF THE FRIEND OF HIS PEOPLES ALL OVER THE WORLD": HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN PAYING A MOVING TRIBUTE TO HER FATHER, AFTER UNVEILING THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL STATUE TO KING GEORGE VI. IN CARLTON GARDENS, OVERLOOKING THE MALL.

On October 21, in a simple and intensely moving ceremony, her Majesty the Queen unveiled the national memorial to her father, King George VI., in Carlton Gardens, overlooking the Mall, not far from Buckingham Palace. The 9-ft. 6-ins.-high bronze statue of his late Majesty shows the King bare-headed, clothed in Garter robes and insignia, over the undress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, the left hand resting on a sword. Heavy rain and a chill wind did not detract from the warmth of the Queen's words when, after unveiling the statue, she

stood at the foot and spoke in moving phrases of the King who was so loved by so many. The ceremony was attended by the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and other members of the Royal family; the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, the Leader of the Opposition, and others prominent in Church, State and Commonwealth were also present. The statue, which is the work of Mr. William McMillan, is a fitting memorial to a King whose memory will ever be held in deep affection all over the world.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE clash between the Christian, or at any rate the Anglican Church's, view of marriage and the secular or profane view of the same human institution is a subject which is to-day frequently under discussion. It is one on which strong opinions are held by both sides. The Church's view is that a marriage blessed by the Church is a union ordained by God and that only death can end it. The secular view is that marriage is made solely for man—and woman—and that, if it fails to fulfil its purpose of serving their mutual ends, it can under certain circumstances be legitimately and properly dissolved. The difference between these two points of view is fundamental and it is hard to see how they can be reconciled.

Many people to-day regard the Church's rigidity over divorce and remarriage as unreasonable, harsh and even inhuman. What right, they ask, has a handful of elderly and dogmatic prelates to forbid two people whom the State recognises as perfectly free to marry from contracting a union without which happiness seems impossible for either of them. To which the Church, of course, has a perfectly rational answer: first, that it does no such thing, since it cannot forbid any man or woman's marriage, but merely refuses to give them the spiritual seal of its canonical blessing; secondly, that, having once asked for and publicly received a solemn vow at its altar in God's name that the contracting parties will respectively and severally cleave to one another until death then shall part, it cannot act as though that vow had never been exacted and recorded. To do so would be to make a mockery of its own Sacraments.

Many of those who criticise the Church for its attitude towards divorce and remarriage do so on purely secular, and even pagan, grounds. They hold that love and sex are matters in which all men and women possess an inalienable right to please themselves, and that, provided they observe the laws of the State, nothing they do in these private and personal relationships should be regarded as blameworthy, still less treated as deserving of punishment. To this the Church can reply that such an attitude finds little support from history, and that the generality of mankind, in all ages and countries, has, rightly or wrongly, treated marriage and sex as matters that concern the community as a whole and not merely the individual. The modern notion of it as something purely private that affects only the individual is contradicted by the very nature of sex and marriage, for they have consequences which are not confined only to the parties to them. Yet another and quite different kind of criticism, and one which derives indirectly from Christianity itself, is levelled at the Church's view of marriage: that its attitude, though canonically orthodox, is un-Christian in its harshness and intolerance, and that to condemn, by its refusal to countenance divorce, two Christians to live together, not in love but in mutual irritation and discord, is productive of the very state of affairs that Christianity exists to eradicate and sees as the prime source of evil. The two basic principles which Christ consistently preached were that men should love God and that they should love one another, for out of love—love for God and love for man—the eternal soul is made. The Church's ideal of marriage; that a man and woman, in the dawning of their love for one another, should take a solemn vow before God that their love should never die and that they should build their whole lives together on the fulfilment of that vow, is not only in the closest accord with Christ's precept but is the one certain foundation for a happy and successful marriage. But what if they fail in that vow, and the foundation for a union of growing love proves wholly lacking? Does such a marriage, a marriage that is without love, serve a Christian purpose, even if it serves a secular and social one? For love and marriage are not necessarily synonymous. Men and women are drawn together by a sexual attraction so strong that it sometimes causes them to enter into a union in which divergencies of temperament and mind are so pronounced that, instead of mutual love and understanding growing out of it, only discord, distrust and exasperation ensue, increasingly, and ultimately irretrievably. Love is not merely an emotion. It is an exercise—in consideration, self-restraint, tenderness, and in that mysterious, indefinable, positive action of the heart and mind which is love itself. It is a conscious and cumulative habit, an organic growth. Marriage, and, above all, marriage based on religion and hallowed by a religious sacrament, is an ideal background for the practice and cultivation of that virtue. But, unfortunately, it can also be the ideal background for the opposite. Perhaps the wisest thing ever said on marriage was said, like

so many wise things, by Dr. Johnson—an exemplary Christian and a staunch adherent of the Church of England. "There is, indeed, nothing that so much seduces reason from vigilance as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman; and, if all would happen as a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve pursuit. But love and marriage are different states. Those who suffer evils together, and suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look, that benevolence of mind, which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure and successive enjoyment. A woman, we are sure, will not always be fair; we are not sure she will always be virtuous; and man cannot retain through life that respect and assiduity by which he pleases for a day or for a month. I do not, however, pretend that life has anything more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage."

In its attitude to divorce and remarriage the Church is only being logical. The world confuses the issue, because it is not accustomed, like the Church, to thinking about fundamentals. If two people of opposite sex love one another so much that their love is wholly selfless, it cannot be right—if love is the supreme good and end in life and the key to the Kingdom of Heaven—to repudiate or withhold that love. But if their love for one another cannot be canalised in the ideal and canonically defined relationship of Christian marriage, they cannot expect the Church to break its rules in their favour. They can still love and, if they choose, obey the laws of the Church, but they cannot alter them. Their love for one another must exist, if it is to exist at all, side by side with those laws, and they must accept the consequences of that fact. And the Church, on its side, though it must uphold its fundamental laws, must remember the ultimate object of those laws, which is the pursuit and establishment of love between God's creatures. It is love, not marriage, that Christianity seeks above all else to create, because only through love can men and women enter what Christ meant by the Kingdom of Heaven. Without love they are doomed to eternal death, or so the Christian Creed teaches. Everything that helps to create love, that enables it to take root and grow in a soil so seemingly alien to it as this harsh, selfish world, must indirectly minister to the great end the Church exists to serve. Chaucer was writing out of the depth, not only of poetic but of Christian feeling, when he put into Theseus's mouth the noble lines of his judgment in the Knight's Tale:

The firste mover of the cause above,
When He first made the faire chain
of love,
Great was the effect and high was
His intent;
Well wist He why, and what thereof
He meant.

A Christian teacher ought, therefore, to be very tender in condemning any human being for a fault of love. The failing that the Founder of Christianity condemned more often than any other was uncharitable and self-righteous censoriousness—the occupational frailty of the scribes and Pharisees, and the one most calculated to diminish the sum total of love in the world. For one of God's creatures to condemn another for being unsuccessful in loving seems a contradiction in terms; it is almost like swearing at a man for profanity. To try and help those to love one another who have made a solemn vow before God to do so is manifestly right; to censor and punish them

for failing to do so much more questionable. It may do good—in certain cases it, no doubt, does—but it may do far more harm. The whole subject of the attraction of the sexes to one another is so mysterious, and the reaction to it of individuals so infinitely diverse, that any hard-and-fast rule in the matter, however socially convenient and necessary, is bound often to act unjustly and to inflict, perhaps needlessly, suffering and pain. And there is so much suffering, pain and anger in the world already that those whose mission it is to preach Christ's creed of love and speak in its name ought, I feel, to err on the side of condemning too little, rather than on that of condemning too much. It has always seemed to me a sublime illustration of the uniqueness of Christ and the profundity of His love and understanding of poor, frail, suffering humanity that, after that strange episode when the scribes and Pharisees brought to Him a woman taken in adultery and He had silenced them by His shattering, shaming rebuke, He added: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life. . . . Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man."

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE REDEDICATION OF LAMBETH PALACE CHAPEL.



DURING THE SERVICE OF REDEDICATION OF THE RESTORED CHAPEL OF LAMBETH PALACE: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, DR. FISHER, IN FRONT OF THE ALTAR. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND IS THE QUEEN, AND, TO THE LEFT, ARE QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

On the evening of October 19 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret attended the rededication service in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, conducted the service and made a short address. The Chapel was gutted by fire after being bombed during an air raid on May 10, 1941. With Dr. Fisher, as he rededicated the Chapel, was the Archbishop of Wales, Dr. Morgan, the Archbishop of York having been kept away by indisposition. In the congregation were nearly fifty bishops, the bishops of virtually all the dioceses in Great Britain and some from distant provinces. After the service Dr. Fisher and the diocesan bishops were hosts to the Royal family at a dinner in the Guard Chamber of Lambeth Palace.



(ABOVE.) TAKING THE SALUTE AT WESTMINSTER PIER : GENERAL LOPES, PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL. THE QUEEN STANDS NEXT TO HIM ON HIS LEFT, AND MME. LOPES ON HIS RIGHT. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET AND, BEHIND THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

(BELOW.) DRIVING FROM THE MALL TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE : THE QUEEN AND GENERAL LOPES, PASSING CHEERING CROWDS OF LONDONERS WELCOMING THE STATE VISITOR.

LONDON'S WELCOME TO THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL AND MME. LOPES : SUNSHINE AND PAGEANTRY GREET THE STATE VISITORS.

In the autumn sunshine that shows London at its best, the Portuguese warship *Bartolomeu Dias* glided slowly beneath the bascules of Tower Bridge on October 25 and tied up in the heart of the City. On board were the President of Portugal, General Craveiro Lopes, and his wife, beginning a three-day State visit to this country. They were greeted by the Duke of Gloucester who, with the Portuguese Ambassador, arrived in the Royal Barge to convey the visitors to Westminster, where other members of the Royal family awaited them. As the President stepped

ashore at Westminster Pier, he was welcomed by the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Prime Minister, and Service chiefs in full-dress uniforms. He then drove with the Queen through flag-lined streets, past cheering crowds, to Buckingham Palace, where he and Mme. Lopes were to stay as guests of the Queen. The visit of the President of Britain's oldest ally had begun in earnest, and General Lopes and his wife were left in no doubt as to the warmth of London's welcome.



ARRIVING AT EPSOM HOSPITAL, WHERE SHE OPENED A NEW OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT: PRINCESS MARGARET WALKING PAST A GUARD OF HONOUR OF NURSES.
On October 20 Princess Margaret opened a £400,000 out-patients' department at Epsom District Hospital. The Princess, who wore a crushed strawberry-pink suit, unveiled a commemorative plaque, and after inspecting the new department visited the women's ward, the chest clinic and the pathological laboratory, as well as the children's ward.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS, AND TWO WEDDINGS.



IN LONDON'S EAST END: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO OPENED A NEW CHURCH COMMUNITY CENTRE AT ST. NICHOLAS AND ALL HALLOWS.
On October 22 Princess Margaret opened the new Church Community Centre of St. Nicholas and All Hallows, at East India Docks, Poplar. Our photograph shows the Princess with the Rev. Mark Hodson, rector of St. Nicholas and All Hallows Church.



AS QUEEN JULIANA DISEMBARKED IN CURAÇAO: OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE *DE RUYTER* "MANNING THE SIDE."
Queen Juliana, accompanied by the Prince of the Netherlands, arrived at Willemstad, on the island of Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies, on October 18, at the beginning of a nine-day State visit to the Netherlands Antilles, which comprise two groups of islands in the Caribbean. After touring the Antilles the Royal visitors were to



QUEEN JULIANA ADDRESSING A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF THE NETHERLANDS ANTILLES.
fly to Paramaribo, capital of Surinam (Dutch Guiana), on the South American mainland. In Willemstad (Curaçao), capital of the Netherlands Antilles, Queen Juliana addressed a special meeting of the Legislative Council after she had arrived in the new Dutch cruiser *De Ruyter*.



QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS DRIVING THROUGH WILLEMSTAD, CURAÇAO.
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(LEFT.) AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE IN A PARIS CHURCH: MR. PATRICK GUINNESS WITH HIS BRIDE, COUNTESS DOLORES FURSTENBERG, WHO IS HIS STEP-SISTER. THE RECEPTION AT THE RITZ HOTEL WAS ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.



(RIGHT.) AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, LONDON: MR. ADAM COURTAULD BUTLER, SECOND SON OF MR. R. A. BUTLER, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WITH HIS BRIDE, MISS FELICITY SYBIL MOLESWORTH-ST. AUBYN. A RECEPTION WAS HELD IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE RETURN OF THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA.



AFTER TWO YEARS' EXILE: THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA GREETES HIS WIFE, THE NABAGAREKA, AS HE STEPPED FROM THE AIRCRAFT ON ARRIVAL AT ENTEBBE.



MUTESA II., THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA, IN THE CEREMONIAL ROBES IN WHICH HE RESUMED HIS THRONE.

THE WELCOME AT KAMPALA, AND THE NEW PACT SIGNED.



CARRIED TO HIS CAR BY THE TRADITIONAL PERSONAL CARRIERS OF THE BUFFALO CLAN: THE KABAKA'S ARRIVAL AND THE BEGINNING OF HIS PROGRESS.



DRIVING TO NAMIREMBE CATHEDRAL UNDER TRIUMPHAL ARCHES AND THROUGH CHEERING CROWDS: THE KABAKA ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS FROM HIS CAR.



(ABOVE.)

DURING THE SIGNING OF THE NEW BUGANDA PACT: BAGANDA DRUMMERS LEADING THE CHEERING AS THE PACT WAS READ AND BROADCAST.



THE NABAGAREKA, THE WIFE OF THE KABAKA, WITH THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS, AWAITING AT ENTEBBE THE RETURN OF THE KABAKA FROM TWO YEARS' EXILE.



SIGNING THE NEW BUGANDA PACT: (LEFT) SIR ANDREW COHEN, THE GOVERNOR; AND (RIGHT) MUTESA II., THE RESTORED KABAKA OF BUGANDA.



A HISTORIC MOMENT: THE KABAKA AND THE GOVERNOR SHAKING HANDS UNDER THE STATE UMBRELLA, AFTER THE SIGNING OF THE NEW PACT.

In preparation for the return of the Kabaka of Buganda after two years' exile, the Royal palace at Mengo was repaired and entirely replanted by voluntary labour and huge crowds gathered at Kampala for the ruler's return. On the morning of October 17 a B.O.A.C. *Argonaut*, bringing Mutesa II. back to his country with a considerable retinue, landed at Entebbe; and the Kabaka was greeted by his wife, the Governor, Sir Andrew Cohen, and a large reception party, and after various ceremonies the Kabaka was carried shoulder high to his waiting car. There were great crowds to cheer him and the procession passed under

twenty-five triumphal arches on its way to Namirembe Cathedral. Thence, after a short service he went to the Lukiko Hall and once more sat on his throne. In the night there were ceremonies for those of his family who had died in his absence from the kingdom. On October 18 the Kabaka and the Governor signed the new Buganda Pact, the agreement by which the Kabaka's political powers pass to popularly elected ministers. On October 23 there were services of thanksgiving in churches of all denominations and the 2000 men who had sworn not to shave until the Kabaka returned publicly shaved off their beards.

FAMOUS FIGURES AND EVENTS OF A FAMOUS AGE.

"THE EXPANSION OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND"; By A. L. ROWSE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THIS is the second of Mr. Rowse's projected three volumes on "The Elizabethan Age." The first, which dealt with the Structure of Society, established his position unchallengeably among the best historians of our day—and to me the term "best," applied to historians, implies "readable" as well as learned and thorough. Learned men can be excessively dull to the mere human being. There have been some in recent times who

describes a man, in the sixteenth century, reverting to his fathers' faith, he calls it "lapsing"; and that he dates his preface "Passion Sunday." Thereby he links himself with the traditional Englishman who, when asked whether he thought there was a God, or wasn't a God, said that the truth was half-way between and called that a Compromise. But Mr. Rowse's nature is anything but Laodicean. He is a boyish enthusiast. His boyish enthusiasm has drawn him towards the Elizabethan

Age, which was the age of boyish enthusiasm, as of much else; including Renaissance Machiavellianism, and the tortuous politics inflicted on us, and the rest of Western Europe, by Martin Luther, Henry VIII.'s divorce, and the violent divisions of the Scots in the North. It is the enthusiasm which interests him. He is a Cornishman, and presumably as proud of it as anyone of us may be who comes from the West Country. For all his protestations of Jovian impartiality it is evident that, the moment a West Countryman like Drake, not even a Cornishman, comes into his narrative, he throws up his hat. I know nothing in recent books which does better justice (and real justice, for he knows Drake's faults) to Drake, or to the peerless Sir Philip Sidney, than is expansion had to be in these islands and overseas. The Borders (about which Mr. Rowse tells an exciting, and sometimes disgusting, story) were gradually subdued by Elizabeth's cousin, Hunsdon. Cornwall, which occasionally rose, was subdued gradually, and fortified. Wales, poor and turbulent though it might be, came to heel because there was a Welsh Monarch on the English throne then (Mr. Rowse suggests that Henry VII. may have talked English with a Welsh accent—future ages, with tape recordings of wireless talks, will be protected from that kind of uncertainty), and there was Ireland.

The Irish chapters in this book are the most tragic and murderous. Elizabeth and her ministers merely wished to reduce Ireland to order; but it was as difficult for them as it was for their successors, for centuries. It wasn't merely the difficulties with the native Irish chieftains: there were also the Anglo-Norman lords (of which Robert the Bruce, in Scotland, was one) who were not, by blood, of the country. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was an Anglo-Norman; if you want to find the pedigree of Charles Stewart Parnell you have to look under "Congleton" in the British Peerage; the apostles of the Celtic Twilight in our own time have very few of them been O's or Mac's, and even the O's and the Mac's are not really aborigines, but invaders on the ground of the little brown, dark-eyed Iberians who can still be found on the Western coasts of these islands.

Mr. Rowse, with many a reference to documents, traces the conquest of Cornwall and Wales and the attempt at the conquest of Ireland. But he lights up when he describes the voyages overseas, mostly devised in the West Country. For myself I cannot rouse any enthusiasm for Inter-Planetary Societies or Voyages to the Moon; but I conceive that the Raleighs and the Drakes went off on their travels into the unknown in the spirit of the young projectors of our own times. Off they went, and they were Elizabethans.

Mr. Rowse's book, the product of admiration, ancestral lore, and conviction, is full of the loveliest things drawn from the most recondite sources. I find it difficult to quote from it; even the Welsh chapters are a book in themselves. I suppose that I had better quote one passage. So I choose this. Elizabeth Tudor's bishops were mainly Welsh—the Welsh were on top, be it remembered that Oliver Cromwell's real name was Williams—and amongst them there was one of which this is recorded: "The only bishop who completely fell down on his assignment was a gentleman of good family, Marmaduke Middleton, who succeeded Bishop Davies. By birth a Cardiganshire man—with its special connotation for the Welsh—he lived up to expectations. From Cambridge he had been sacked for adultery; so he went to Ireland to pursue his ecclesiastical career and was consecrated Bishop of Waterford. There he found the people 'stiff-necked, stubborn, papistical and incorrigible,' and in a year had made the place too hot to hold him. With a fiery Celtic temperament, impatient and intemperate, he could not get on with the Irish. And, indeed, it seems that the Welsh and the Irish were mutually antipathetic: they much preferred even the English to each other. Coming back to Wales, he proceeded to find his diocese—where Bishop Davies had been at ease in Zion, nearly as bad as his Irish one. There was small Popery, but a great deal of 'atheism' (whatever that means in Elizabethan times), and the people 'were wonderfully given over to vicious life.'"

The end of that quotation is quite devastating. The Bishop "was deprived."

Europe was split at that time by Martin Luther; it is struggling towards reunion again to-day. East against West!—the eternal conflict.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 754 of this issue.



THE MAN WHO COMMANDED THE TRIUMPH AGAINST THE SPANISH ARMADA: SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

(From a portrait by Cornelius Ketel reproduced by courtesy of the Bodleian Library.)



"HE WAS BLUFF, STRAIGHT AND SINCERE, HONOURABLE AND OF GOOD JUDGMENT": LORD ADMIRAL HOWARD (EARL OF NOTTINGHAM).

(From a portrait by Daniel Mytens reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum.)

have certainly done service to history, but who bear the same relation to a great artist as a quarryman or a brick-maker bears to a great architect: no man in his senses wishes to contemplate for long a heap of stones or a pile of bricks, to whatever beautiful uses they may possibly be put. The really great historians, from Herodotus and Thucydides (still the greatest of all) onwards, have been first-class storytellers, comprehensive in their range, more interested in human society and in human individuals and the fortunes of peoples, than in the evolution of constitutions and taxes, or economic trends.

Mr. Rowse can tell a story, about a people or a person, graphically and with illustrations drawn not merely from published but from unpublished, sources. He has (I hope he will forgive me for saying so) certain illusions about himself. In his illuminating preface he emphasizes his cool detachment. "I am anxious," he says, "that there should be no misunderstanding about my attitude with regard to the main conflict in that age, any more than in this. It is not, as seems to be thought, that of a simple anti-Puritanism. My attitude towards extremists on both sides—Counter-Reformation fanatics abroad, Puritan fanatics at home—is: a plague on both your houses. I have grown to detest the fanatic believers on both sides, who make life intolerable for sensible people in the middle. My sympathies are not with the Calvins and Cartwrights, especially not with the Philip II.'s and Father Parsons, who sent so many people to their deaths, but with intelligent sceptics like Montaigne and Shakespeare [a pretty piece of calm assumption], or, for that matter, with *politiques* like Elizabeth and William the Silent. My position is one of scepticism, particularly with regard to the doctrinal (or ideological) certainties for which some human beings will all too readily consign others to death." His own attitude, he suggests, is "a sceptical, Laodicean point of view."

Anybody less like a Laodicean, "neither hot nor cold," never did I meet. It is true that when he



"ONE SEES HIM IN HIS PORTRAIT, BLUFF AND BRAWNY, A RATHER BRUTAL TYPE": THOMAS WYNDHAM, WHO LED TWO VOYAGES TO THE ATLANTIC COAST OF MOROCCO IN 1551 AND 1552. HE DIED OF FEVER, IN 1553.

(From the portrait by Hans Eworth reproduced by courtesy of the Earl of Radnor.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Expansion of Elizabethan England," by courtesy of the publishers, Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

done here. He recounts, quite unnecessarily apologetically, the story of Sir Philip passing the water he needed to the wounded and dying soldier. Why be diffident about it? The story happens to be true.

The expansion of England is the theme. Calais, our last avenue into Europe, had been captured; the

* "The Expansion of Elizabethan England." By A. L. Rowse, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. Illustrated. (Macmillan; 30s.)



"THE SPIRIT WHICH HE COMMUNICATED TO THOSE HE LED IS STILL ALIVE TO-DAY": THE QUEEN, SPEAKING OF NELSON AT A TRAFALGAR DINNER GIVEN IN THE PAINTED HALL OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE AT GREENWICH.

On October 21, the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, attended the dinner to mark the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. Given by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, it was held in the Painted Hall of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and among more than 350 guests were Sir Anthony Eden, the present Lord Nelson and many senior naval officers, of whom the Queen remarked, in her response to the loyal toast proposed by Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty: "I have been wondering this

evening what the correct collective noun should be for admirals. On the whole, I think I like 'a foam of flag officers,' though perhaps for this unique occasion, when nearly 100 have sat down together for a meal, we should speak of 'an ocean of admirals.' " Of Nelson, her Majesty said: "The spirit which he communicated to those he led is still alive to-day. I believe, too, that his resourceful mind and rare courage would illumine the problems which face you to-day as brightly as they did those of his own age."



ENCOURAGING A PATIENT IN THE HOSPITAL AT THE NEW SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE: THE QUEEN WITH A SICK DOG DURING HER TOUR.



ENOUGH TO MAKE EVEN AN ILL CAT PURR: THE QUEEN STOPS TO RUB THE EAR OF A FELINE PATIENT IN THE SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE.



THE LICK WHICH WASN'T *LESE-MAJESTÉ*: A SICK CALF SHOWS ITS APPRECIATION OF THE QUEEN'S KINDLY INTEREST IN ITS WELFARE.



DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT STUDIES OF VIRUS PNEUMONIA IN PIGS.



AT THE SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE: THE QUEEN SEES AN ELECTRO-CARDIOGRAPH DEMONSTRATED ON *SAMMY*, A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD GREY HUNTER.



IN CLOUGH HALL AT NEWNHAM COLLEGE: THE QUEEN WITH THE PRINCIPAL, MISS R. L. COHEN, WALKING BETWEEN ROWS OF STUDENTS ON HER ARRIVAL.



WAVING TO THE CHEERING CROWD IN THE MARKET SQUARE: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ON THE BALCONY OF THE GUILDHALL.

WELCOMED BY TOWN AND GOWN: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING THEIR CAMBRIDGE VISIT.

Although continuous rain may have dampened the crowds who waited in the streets of Cambridge to greet her Majesty the Queen on her first visit to the city and University on October 20, it did not interfere with the warmth of their welcome. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove from the station to the Guildhall, where the Mayor, Alderman E. T. Halnan, said that the Queen's visit was the first a sovereign had ever made to the Mayor and Corporation in the Guildhall. He presented the Queen, on behalf of the city, with an electro-cardiograph

made in Cambridge for veterinary use in studying the heart-beat of animals. Then the Royal visitors drove to Newnham College, where women undergraduates were presented. They lunched at Trinity College (King George's VI.'s college) with the Master of Trinity (Lord Adrian) and 275 guests. In the afternoon the Queen officially opened the School of Veterinary Medicine in Madingley Road, where she saw an electro-cardiograph demonstrated on a grey hunter, *Sammy*. The Queen and the Duke visited Girton College before joining the Royal train at Histon.

IN ENGLAND, DENMARK AND CANADA: SOME RECENT ROYAL OCCASIONS.



LAUGHING TO SCORN ALL THOUGHTS OF BACON FOR BREAKFAST: A PRIZE SOW GREETES THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH SEEMING SMILES DURING HIS VISIT TO A PIG-BREEDING CENTRE IN ZEALAND. THE DUKE'S FIVE-DAY VISIT TO DENMARK ENDED ON OCTOBER 17.



AT FREDENSBORG CASTLE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING PRESENTED WITH AN ANCIENT AXE BY THE CHIEF OF THE GILLWAY (ST. GEORGE'S SCOUTS). The Duke of Edinburgh was the private guest of King Frederik and Queen Ingrid at Fredensborg Castle for the last two days of his recent visit to Denmark. He was presented with an axe, which was more than 4000 years old, by the Gillway (St. George's Scouts). On his way home from Denmark on October 17 the Duke flew to Soest, in Germany, to present new Colours to the 2nd Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment.



DURING HIS VISIT TO ROSKILDE CATHEDRAL, DENMARK: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING MEASURED AT THE "KING'S PILLAR," WHERE THE HEIGHT OF SEVERAL EUROPEAN MONARCHS HAVE BEEN RECORDED. MOST OF DENMARK'S KINGS AND QUEENS ARE BURIED IN THE CATHEDRAL.



LEAVING THE CHAPEL OF LAMBETH PALACE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, IN EVENING DRESS AND WEARING THE GARTER RIBBON, AFTER ATTENDING THE REDEDICATION SERVICE ON OCTOBER 19. THE ROYAL PARTY DINED IN THE GUARDROOM AFTER THE SERVICE.



PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE 1ST BATTALION, THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET AT GORDON BARRACKS, BULFORD.



AFTER ATTENDING THE SERVICE OF REDEDICATION IN THE CHAPEL OF LAMBETH PALACE 'ON OCTOBER 19: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET. THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WAS LATER HOST TO THE ROYAL FAMILY AT DINNER.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT NIAGARA: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK BEFORE BRAVING RAIN, FOG AND A COLD WIND TO SEE THE NIAGARA FALLS. On October 14 the Princess Royal, who has been making a twenty-five-day tour of Canada, visited Niagara Falls. Later she left for Winnipeg. In our issue of October 15, when recording her visit to Quebec, we wrote: "It is stated that Laval University is the only Canadian University with a Royal Charter." This is incorrect, McGill University has a Royal Charter granted in 1821 and revised in 1852.

On October 19 Princess Margaret visited Gordon Barracks, Bulford, Wiltshire, where she presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion, The Highland Light Infantry, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief. Because of bad weather the Princess flew to Boscombe Down Airfield and drove to Bulford, instead of arriving by helicopter as planned. After addressing the Battalion and inspecting Old Comrades of the regiment, Princess Margaret drove to the officers' mess for luncheon, and later visited the sergeants' mess before returning to London.

(RIGHT.) HOME AGAIN AFTER THEIR HOLIDAY AT BALMORAL: H.M. THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ANNE ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE CROWD AS THEY DROVE FROM EUSTON STATION TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON OCTOBER 18, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.



THE doubts which are common nowadays whether it is possible to be an able and alert soldier well after the grand climacteric are not always justified. It is in part a matter of physical fitness, and we are told by those who ought to know that this is now preserved on the average longer than it used to be. It is also not uncommon to encounter men nearing the end of their seventh decade whose ideas are revolutionary. When they are, however, they generally merit the title because conventional thought has refused to accept them, not because they are brand-new. What is uncommon is to find men at this period of their lives evolving brand-new revolutionary ideas. These reflections passed through my mind on the afternoon of October 12, as I sat listening to Field Marshal Montgomery's lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, because he was then performing this uncommon feat.

Afterwards a friend bore me off to his club for tea, and we said simultaneously as we sat down that it had been a fizzing performance. It was also a very amusing one. There were times when the lecture was held up by the prolonged laughter of the not highly emotional audience of (on the average fairly senior) officers of the three Services. The most striking occasion was when the lecturer, dealing with National Service, said that its chief *raison d'être* nowadays was, not to provide vast reserves, but to strengthen the regular element with trained men ready to go into action at the outbreak of war; therefore the period of training counted for more than the numbers and the two-year period was invaluable. Then, struck by a sudden thought, he turned aside and asked helpfully whether it would be well "to telephone that to Margate." The next best was when—with the Quartermaster-General sitting almost at his feet—he stated that the accounting system of the Army went back to Moses and was firmly based on the principle that all officers were crooks.

This, however, was the lighter side. The lecture was a challenge. Lord Montgomery put forward the view that a world war should now be directed by a supreme political authority and fought by a supreme military authority. Presuming that the West won control of the air in the initial stage, the supreme military authority might then put the air forces under the supreme commanders, whom he would like to see increased from the present two—Europe and the Atlantic—to five. He said that the first days of fighting would be of vital importance and that the struggle to control the air and destroy the enemy's air forces should be conducted as a single great campaign. The trouble which he foresees is an old one in alliances, though much more dangerous now than it used to be because time has grown so much more precious. Each nation, even the small ones, wants to use its forces for its own purposes, without realising that it stands or falls by the success or failure of the total effort of the allied forces.

Continuing and developing the lines of thought of his much-discussed lecture last year, Lord Montgomery said that, though air forces were now the most important of the three fighting Services, yet there was too great a tendency for the other two to look on them as providers of fire-power for their particular tasks. The air forces ought to be released from bondage and forged into a single mighty weapon. Yet he acknowledged that armies needed the support of air forces, just as air forces needed the protection of their bases. And he spoke firmly of the importance of naval forces, and in particular of the Royal Navy, to us. A state of affairs could, he said, be imagined in which the first heavy blows from the air, delivered by surprise, would so disorganise this country that the fleet at sea would, for a time at least, be its main serious striking force. The fleet would afterwards be sought out and attacked, but its early rôle might be vital, apart from its long-term rôle of keeping open communications.

Naves, he said, still required their own aircraft, and for them "some form of floating airfield" was still necessary. He considered, however, that the progress which had been made towards vertical take-off and landing would make it possible to use something smaller to perform the functions of floating airfields than the present aircraft-carriers, which were extremely costly. He also suggested that the development of guided missiles would compel us to remodel our present organisation of tactical air forces. These were now tied to easily distinguishable concrete runways in the forward area—these two words meaning something very different from even the days of the Second World War. They should be replaced by strips in the fields. It should, likewise, be possible to free tactical air forces from the job of air defence and divert them to that of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY HITTING SIXES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

interfering with and disrupting the movement of hostile land forces.

He felt that the three Services were too self-contained. The result was overlapping and waste. He urged that there should be increased integration. This should be directed towards the possibility of a final unification. He did not think the time was quite ripe for so radical a change and so sharp a shock to our prejudices, but it should be kept in mind, and no step towards it would be wasted. In answer to a question afterwards, he agreed that the first opportunities for integration and saving lay on the administrative side,



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION TO DELIVER A LECTURE TO OFFICERS OF THE THREE SERVICES ON WARFARE OF THE FUTURE: FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN.

In his lecture to officers of the three Services at the Royal United Service Institution on October 12, Field Marshal Montgomery confounded those who expect agreeable platitudes from Commanders of high rank by recommending the final unification of the Navy, Army and Air Force as a goal to be aimed for, although he thought the time was not quite ripe for so radical a change and so sharp a shock to our prejudices. As Captain Falls says, it is uncommon "to find men at this period of their lives evolving brand-new revolutionary ideas"; while listening to the lecture he reflected that the Field Marshal "was then performing this uncommon feat."

and that he thought these would be fruitful. Another fault which he found in the present system of treating the three Services as closed compartments of the fighting forces was that it led to officers working in separate boxes. He remarked that until an officer reached the rank of major he was unlikely to know or see anything much of the two Services to which he did not himself belong. He looked forward to a new type of senior officer trained to develop inter-Service skill and mentality.

One long step towards unification could be made at the top. He found that which had already been taken in the creation of a Ministry of Defence too timid and

limited. The British Minister of Defence was, he said, an adviser and an umpire. There should be a stronger Ministry and a more powerful Minister. The status of the latter's professional adviser should be raised to that of Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces. Then the Ministers at the head of the three Services Ministries should be reduced to the level of Under Secretaries. He also thought it reactionary to have abandoned the principle of supreme commanders, which had been proved in war and not found wanting. He noted that, wherever the British maintained forces of the three Services, they now had a trinity of commanders, all equal in status.

Dealing with the Army, he went down to tactical detail in one instance. He suggested that the day of the armoured division, as we know it, was past. In its place he sketched what he called a "standard division." This would consist of groups of infantry, artillery, engineers, and armour, which would be capable of manoeuvre of a high standard, could spread widely for defensive or static fighting, and concentrate to act as one on the offensive. He pointed out that on manoeuvres the infantry and tank units as a matter of course formed pairs, so that each brigadier commanded a mixed force. What would happen when a really powerful armoured concentration was needed? His answer was that in such a case the armoured units could be linked together under a single command. He did not consider that this would be a difficult matter.

I have not dealt with his points in the order in which he made them, and I do not think I have dealt with them all. I shall be able to refresh my memory when the lecture is printed in the Journal of the Institution. I end with a few comments, made diffidently and in the hope that they may help in considering the striking and weighty ideas and projects which the Field Marshal laid before us. The world would certainly be, in a sense, the theatre of war in a full-scale war with nuclear weapons, but is it not possible that, even in these days, it would be too large for the exercise of a single military direction, even of air forces alone? Is there not a danger, in advocating the release from bondage of air forces, that the phrase will be taken as a slogan by those who desire that air forces should fight nothing but their private war without regard to other forces? If they do, may not the armies end up in concentration camps and the navies on the bottom?

Then, while I am all for further integration of the Services and the breeding of a race of officers with inter-Service skill and brains, is it certain that the final goal of unification is a necessity? There is much more difference between the duties and training of the airman, the sailor, and the soldier than between those of the gunner, the engineer, and the infantryman. One might well train officers capable of serving with each Service, at all events on staffs, but the men who fight and handle the equipment must always live to some extent in compartments. It is hard enough to train a soldier to be a stand-in for jobs other than his own. He could not be trained in appreciable numbers to do those of other Services. Hence I am rather doubtful about the advantages to be found in a single Service. Administratively, I am sure much saving could be effected. Something has been done here, but not enough in proportion to the talk there has been about it.

The rôle of Defence Minister is too big a subject to go into here, though it is an interesting one. I have room, however, for a comment on the proposals for armoured warfare, though here my diffidence is even greater than in my other remarks. It seems to me that to place—and by inference to train—the armour in mixed "standard divisions" and then in case of need to withdraw it from them and concentrate it on its own, might be copying in reverse the error which Lord Montgomery found prevalent when he took over command of the Eighth Army, and which he abolished. There it was the custom to split up formations into independent columns of all arms with improvised commands and means of communication. Might it not be equally dangerous, having decided to abolish armoured divisions, to improvise them for special cases and expect them to perform as seasoned, well-knit formations?

These are only speculations. I feel confident that this last lecture will arouse as much interest and be as valuable as its predecessor. In some respects I found this the better of the two, showing more signs of being deeply pondered and marked by better balance. I think, too, its breadth of vision was even greater. I can only hope the lecturer will not this time have to undergo the sort of experience to which he says he was subjected after the earlier lecture, that of being chased across the United States by American admirals till he took refuge in Hollywood.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SOME MASTERPIECES OF PORTUGUESE PAINTING.



"THE MARTYRDOM OF THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS"; BY THE MASTER OF SANTA AUTA (ACTIVE C. 1520). (Panel; 36½ by 75 ins.) (Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.)



"ST. URSULA AND PRINCE CONAN"; BY THE MASTER OF SANTA AUTA (ACTIVE C. 1520). (Panel; 26½ by 28½ ins.) (Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.)



"SHIPPING SCENE"; BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST OF THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY. THE PORTUGUESE FLEET IS SHOWN MEETING SOME ITALIAN SHIPS (ON THE RIGHT). (Panel; 30 by 56½ ins.) (National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.)



"THE VISION OF A MASTER OF SANTIAGO"; ONE OF FOUR SCENES FROM A POLYPTYCH BY THE MASTER OF SANTIAGO (EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY). (Panel; 50 by 33 ins.) (Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.)



"PORTRAIT OF A NUN"; PORTUGUESE SCHOOL OF THE LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, PROBABLY BY A FOLLOWER OF CRISTOVÃO DE FIGUEIREDO. (Panel; 29½ by 21½ ins.) (Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.)

This year's Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy is entitled "Portuguese Art, 800-1800." This is the first comprehensive exhibition of Portuguese Art to be shown in this country. Indeed, this exhibition is unique, for, as Professor A. E. Richardson, the President of the Royal Academy, writes in his Preface to the Catalogue, "never before has it been possible, even in their native country, for the arts of Portugal in all their variety to be assembled on so rich a scale." The Portuguese Government has given constant and valuable assistance, and

Professor Reynaldo dos Santos, the supreme authority on the art of his country, has been very largely responsible for the planning, selection and arrangement of the exhibition. As well as a magnificent display of paintings, some of which are illustrated above, the exhibition includes furniture, textiles, carpets, ceramics, sculpture and a wide selection of goldsmiths' work. There is also a special section of architectural photographs "to enable visitors to recognise the parallel development of the native styles of architecture and of the decorative arts."

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MASTERPIECES OF 1000 YEARS OF PORTUGUESE ART.



"THE BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST"; BY GREGORIO LOPES (ACTIVE 1514-1550). THE TEMPLAR CHURCH AT TOMAR IS SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.
(Panel; 84 by 47 ins.) (*Igreja de São João Baptista, Tomar.*)



THE Royal Academy Winter Exhibition this year is devoted to "Portuguese Art, 800-1800." Originally planned to take place in 1940, the exhibition was delayed by the war, and is, in fact, the first comprehensive exhibition of Portuguese Art to be shown in England. It is to remain open until February 19, 1956. Great care has been taken to make the exhibition as representative as possible by including a wide selection of furniture, goldsmiths' work, ceramics, glass, sculpture, carpets and textiles, as well as the important display of Portuguese paintings. As will be seen in the selection of religious paintings shown on this page, the influence of Flemish art is very strong. In fact, apart from miniatures and illumination, there is little important painting to be found in Portugal which dates from before 1428. It was in 1428 that Jan Van Eyck visited Portugal to paint the portrait of Dona Isabella, the daughter of John I. The influence of this visit, and of the fast-growing commercial relations between Portugal and Flanders, is clear in the work of Nuno Gonçalves, who was active from 1450-1467.

(Continued below.)



"THE VENERATION OF ST. VINCENT"; BY NUNO GONÇALVES (ACTIVE 1450-1467). THIS MAGNIFICENT POLYPTYCH HAS BEEN SHOWN IN ENGLAND. THE SIX PANELS WERE PAINTED C. 1455-1467. A FULL DESCRIPTION IS GIVEN IN

(Continued.) Gonçalves dominates this period of Portuguese painting: "by his breadth of vision, his charm and skill in portraiture, his work will stand comparison with Van Eyck and his School, and with the great masters of the Italian quattrocento." His outstanding masterpiece, the polyptych of "The Veneration of St. Vincent," was painted c. 1455-1467 for the Monastery of St. Vincent, Lisbon. It was first recognised and attributed to Nuno Gonçalves by José de Figueiredo in 1909, and it is now shown, for the first time outside Portugal, in its original arrangement. The panels portray—to quote the catalogue—"the Court and the various groups of Portuguese Society in the great epoch of conquests and maritime discoveries. All these are shown in prayer before St. Vincent, the patron saint of Portugal and of the Royal House, possibly giving thanks for the capture of Alcazar in Morocco (1483)." Many important personalities are portrayed: the left-hand panel shows the Saint, with (in the right foreground) King Alfonso V., behind whom stand Henry the

(Continued above right.)

(LEFT.) "THE NATIVITY"; BY THE MASTER OF VIEU (EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY). THIS IS A PANEL OF A POLYPTYCH WHICH WAS PAINTED FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF VIEU.
(Panel; 50 by 35 ins.) (*Museu de São Paulo, Vieux.*)

(RIGHT.) "ECCE HOMO"; PORTUGUESE SCHOOL OF THE LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. THIS PAINTING, DESPITE ITS SIMPLICITY, STANDS OUT AMONG THE MANY RELIGIOUS PAINTINGS.
(Panel; 35 by 25 ins.) (*Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.*)



(RIGHT.) "THE ASCENSION"; BY FREI CARLOS (ACTIVE 1517-1540), AN ARTIST OF FLEMISH BIRTH AND TRAINING, WHO ENTERED THE MONASTERY OF ESPINHEIRO, EVORA, IN 1517.
(Panel; 50 by 47 ins.) (*Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.*)



MANY FINE PORTUGUESE RELIGIOUS PAINTINGS, INCLUDING THE IMPORTANT POLYPTYCH OF NUNO GONÇALVES.

(Continued.) Navigator (who had died in 1460) and the young Prince John. The figure on the extreme left in the background is supposed to be a portrait of the artist. No work by Nuno Gonçalves has ever before been shown in this country, and this masterpiece, with its splendid composition, its able characterisation and its rich colour, marks him out as "one of the great masters of the fifteenth century outside Italy." Vasco Fernandes, whose "The Creation of the Animals" is illustrated here, is reputed to have been the son of a miller in Viseu and to have been sent to Italy by King Manuel the Fortunate. In the past an improbable number of works has been attributed to this artist, but the selection of his work in this exhibition shows him to be one of Portugal's leading artists. Other Portuguese Masters of the sixteenth century whose works are well represented at Burlington House are Frei Carlos (who was actually Flemish by birth and training but is reputed to have done all his painting as a monk in Portugal), Cristóvão de Figueiredo, Gregório Lopes.

(LEFT.) "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"; BY THE MASTER OF SÃO BENTO (ACTIVE C. 1520). THE ARTIST MAY BE CRISTÓVÃO DE FIGUEIREDO, WORKING WITH GARCIA FERNANDES.
(Panel; 40 by 50 ins.) (*Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.*)



"CHRIST NAILED TO THE CROSS"; ATTRIBUTED TO CRISTÓVÃO DE FIGUEIREDO (ACTIVE 1515-1540), WHO WAS A LEADING MASTER OF THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PORTUGUESE SCHOOL.
(Panel; 77 by 43 ins.) (*Misericórdia de Setúbal.*)



(Continued.) paintings by these artists are illustrated on this page and also Francisco Fernandes and Jorge Afonso. In the seventeenth century, when the outstanding master was Domingos Vieira, Portuguese painting was no longer of such a high standard, and the decline is even more marked in the eighteenth century. The sixteenth century also saw Portugal's most important contribution to the history of architecture. In the reign of King Manuel the Fortunate (1495-1521) Portugal reached her greatest heights as a nation of discoverers and of merchant adventures. In these years "an entirely individual Portuguese style made its appearance which was neither Gothic nor Renaissance. Known as "The Manueline Style," it made the architecture of these flourishing years "a true expression of contemporary aspirations," and it made good use of all the various external influences which were then felt in Portugal. This development may be seen in a special section of architectural photographs which is included in this interesting exhibition at the Royal Academy.

(LEFT.) "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD"; BY FREI CARLOS (ACTIVE 1517-1540). ALL FREI CARLOS'S KNOWN WORKS WERE PAINTED AFTER HE ENTERED THE MONASTERY OF ESPINHEIRO.
(Panel; 12 by 8 ins.) (*Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.*)

(RIGHT.) "THE CREATION OF THE ANIMALS"; BY VASCO FERNANDES (c. 1480-1543). THIS IS A PANEL FROM AN ALTARPIECE PAINTED FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF LAMEGO IN 1506-1511.
(Panel; 57 by 33 ins.) (*Museu de Lamego.*)



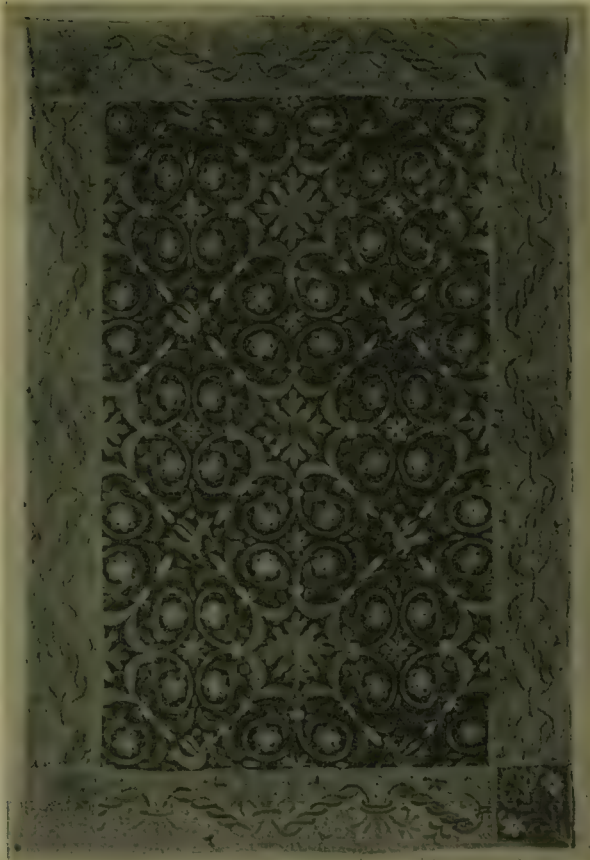
BY FAR THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE RARE SURVIVING WORKS OF THIS MASTER. NO WORK OF HIS HAS EVER BEFORE BEEN SHOWN IN ENGLAND. THE SIX PANELS WERE PAINTED C. 1455-1467. A FULL DESCRIPTION IS GIVEN IN



FURNITURE, SILVER AND SCULPTURE FROM PORTUGAL.



THIS CABINET IS INDO-PORTUGUESE WORK OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. MADE OF TEAK AND LIGNUM VITAE, IT IS INLAID WITH EBONY AND DECORATED WITH CUT BRASS. (Height, 56 ins.) (Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.)



AN ARRAIOLOS CARPET OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. WOOL EMBROIDERY WITH POLYCHROME DECORATION. (75½ by 48 ins.) (Fundação Ricardo Espírito Santo, Lisbon.)

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



THIS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WRITING CHAIR OF LIGNUM VITAE IS ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF THE MANY CHAIRS INCLUDED IN THE EXHIBITION OF PORTUGUESE ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (Duques de Palmela, Lisbon.)



A SILVER-GILT CHALICE OF THE LATE TENTH CENTURY: DECORATED WITH VEGETAL MOTIVES, A LION AND AN EAGLE. (Height, 4½ ins.) (Sé de Braga.)



THIS ORNATE SILVER-GILT CHALICE IS IN THE MANUELINE STYLE OF THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 12½ ins.) (Museu Machado de Castro, Coimbra.)



A BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED SILVER OWL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 8 ins.) (Commandante Ernesto de Vilhena, Lisbon.)



AN ANGEL WITH THE ARMS OF PORTUGAL, BY FERNÃO MUNHOZ (ACTIVE 1510-1512). (Polychrome wood; height, 62 ins.) (Monastery of the Order of Christ, Tomar.)

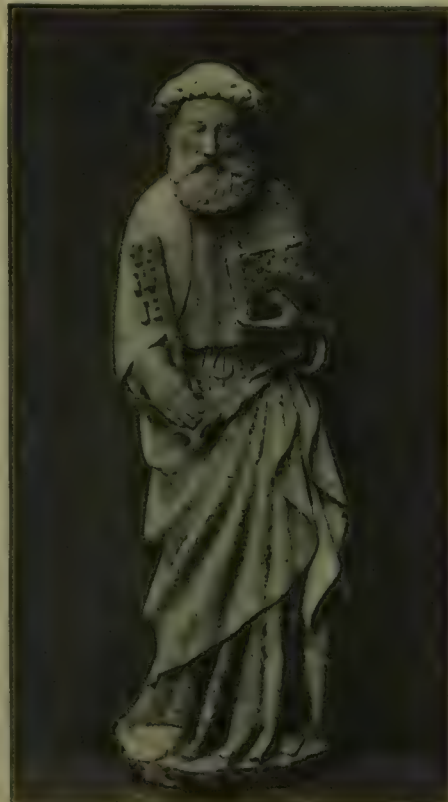
THE illustrations on this page show examples of furniture, carpets, silver and sculpture to be seen at the Exhibition "Portuguese Art, 800-1800," which is due to open at the Royal Academy to-day (Oct. 29). It is the first time that a large selection of Portuguese art will be seen in this country, and great care has been taken to include a wide range of the applied arts as well as the magnificent display of paintings, which is usually associated with the R.A. Winter Exhibitions. Thus, this

(Continued opposite)

(RIGHT.) AN ANGEL, FROM AN ANNUNCIATION BY MASTER PERO (ACTIVE 1330-1340). (Painted limestone; height, 49½ ins.) (Igreja da Senhora do Castelo, Montemor-O-Velho.)



(Continued.) exhibition provides a unique opportunity for a detailed study of Portuguese art. There are many fine examples of Romanesque sculpture in Portugal, and the art of sculpture continued to flourish, particularly in the fifteenth century. In this movement the Coimbra School was particularly influential, and continued in the tradition of the great Master Pero, whose superb Angel from an Annunciation is shown on left. In the many pieces of furniture shown at Burlington House, a great variety of influences is to be seen. Particularly strong was the influence of the Far East, which came as a result of Portugal's extensive maritime activities.



"ST. PETER"; AN IMPRESSIVE CARVING BY THE MASTER OF AROUCA (MID-FIFTEENTH CENTURY). (Stone with traces of polychrome; height, 47½ ins.) (Museu de Arouca.)



INSIDE A MODERN SOVIET CRUISER: GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR OFFICERS AND MEN ON THE VISITING FLAGSHIP, *SVERDLOV*.

The outward smartness of the Soviet cruisers and destroyers which visited Portsmouth recently and the expert seamanship of their crews impressed many observers. During the course of a visit by our Special Artist, it was possible to obtain a glimpse of the interiors of the ships and to form some impression of how the Soviet Navy is quartered. The cruiser *Sverdlov*, flagship of the squadron, had the appearance of a happy ship. The Ward Room is situated amidships, red-carpeted, picture-lined and furnished with comfortable chairs and sofas. The walls are white, divided by wood panels. Adjoining is the Ward Room dining-room, served by seamen stewards. The chief petty officers have their own comfortable accommodation. The crew are berthed forward and aft, and, as in the

latest Royal Navy ships, the bunks are lifted back and secured by chains when not in use. The *Sverdlov* carries a fully-equipped hospital with a modern operating theatre. The whole ship has a very efficient loud-speaker system, very much in evidence when the squadron berthed at Portsmouth. Both officers and men are immaculately turned out. The officers wear epaulettes, with silver stars denoting their rank. Most of the officers and all the petty officers have their trousers cut very wide in the leg, which to British eyes detracts slightly from their smartness. The seamen have a cap differing somewhat from our own, with two ribbons falling from the back. The vest or jersey is in blue-and-white horizontal stripes, and the jumper is tucked into the top of the trousers, and a buckled belt worn outside.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.



ALTHOUGH the public were admitted to ships of the Russian squadron visiting Portsmouth from October 12 to October 17, the Soviet Navy naturally took precautions to conceal various aspects of their construction and armament. Nevertheless, keen observers were able to note certain features. The *Sverdlov's* nominal displacement has been given as 12,800 tons, but the 17,000 tons quoted as its full load probably represents the former with more accuracy. In "Jane's Fighting Ships, 1954-55," the length is given as 589 ft. over all, and the beam as 65½ ft.; there is a continuous armour belt all round the ship, from bow to stern. Apparently, the *Sverdlov* and her sister ships have six boilers, with the engine rooms aft of the boilers, and unlike our own cruisers they have only one propeller to port and starboard; this was revealed when the cruisers were manoeuvring to come alongside the dockyard at Portsmouth, and it was also observed that there was only a single propeller guard on either side. According to "Jane's Fighting Ships," the shaft horse power is 130,000, giving a full speed of between thirty-four and thirty-five knots. The main armament is mounted in four triple turrets, and is of 150-mm.—or 5·9-in.—calibre. The secondary armament is mounted in six radar-controlled gun turrets.

(Continued opposite.)

KEY TO THE CRUISER SVERDLOV.

1. Propeller Guard.
2. Starboard Propeller.
3. "Y" Turret: three 5·9-in. Guns.
4. "X" Turret: three 5·9-in. Guns.
5. Anti-aircraft Guns.
6. After Director Tower.
7. 7 (a), 7 (b). Starboard Secondary Armament (Twin 80-mm. radar-controlled dual purpose Gun Turrets).
8. Boats Stowed.
9. Fire Control Towers.
10. Forward Superstructure, containing Bridges, Sea Cabins, Navigation Cabins, etc.
11. Forward Director Tower.
12. "B" Turret: three 5·9-in. Guns.
13. "A" Turret: three 5·9-in. Guns.
14. Messdecks.
15. Stores and Magazines.
16. Cadets' Accommodation.
17. Chief Petty Officers' Accommodation.
18. Officers' Cabins.
19. Auxiliary Machinery.
20. After Engine Room.
21. After Boiler Room.
22. Forward Engine Room.
23. Forward Boiler Room.
24. Ward Room.
- 25 and 26 (a). Upstokes.
26. Mess Decks.
27. Stores and Magazines.
28. Hospital and Operating Theatre.

KEY TO DESTROYER (IN FOREGROUND)

1. After Twin Gun Turret.
- 2 and 3 (a). Secondary Armament.
3. After Director Tower.
4. After 21-in. Torpedo Tubes.
5. Forward 21-in. Torpedo Tubes.
- 6 and 6 (a). Vents.
7. Starboard Lifeboats.
8. Bridge, Sea-cabins, Navigation, etc.
9. Forward Director Tower.
10. Fore Twin Gun Turret.
11. Officers' Cabins.
12. Stores, Magazines, Fresh Water Tanks, etc.
13. Oil Fuel.
14. After Engine Room.
15. After Boiler Room.
16. Compressors.
17. Main Feed Tank.
18. Forward Engine Room.
19. Forward Boiler Room.
20. Switch Room.
21. Auxiliary Machinery.
22. Mess Decks.
23. Stores and Magazines.

(Continued.)

and has a calibre of 88 mm. or approximately 3·4 in.; these guns are of the dual-purpose type. There are also numerous smaller anti-aircraft weapons. The towering superstructure, barred to visitors, was an impressive feature but appeared in some parts to be of light-weight construction. As a whole, the ships revealed a strong German influence in their design. Those sections of the crews' accommodation opened to visitors' inspection, and described on the previous page, appeared to be excellent, the men being berthed in sections fore and aft and the officers' cabins largely situated amidships. The destroyers (apparently of the "Skori" class) exhibited the same German influence as the cruisers. Their displacement has been given as 2,200 tons. Their main armament is said to consist of 5-in. guns and eight 21-in. torpedo tubes, and mine-laying equipment at the stern. The speed is estimated at 38 knots. By way of comparison, it may be mentioned that our modern destroyers of the "Daring" class have a displacement of 2,610 tons. Our Special Artist's sectional drawing of the probable layout of the Soviet ships is based upon known facts, careful conjecture and personal observation, but it is obvious that the exact positioning of some sections of the interior may not be as depicted.

SHOWING GERMAN INFLUENCE IN THEIR DESIGN: THE CRUISER SVERDLOV AND A SOVIET DESTROYER, WHOSE PROBABLE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT IS RECONSTRUCTED IN OUR SECTIONAL DRAWING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

A NEW ATOMIC PARTICLE DISCOVERED, AND RAILWAY AND AVIATION NEWS.



PRINCESS ANNE'S BEDROOM IN THE NEW COACH FOR THE ROYAL TRAIN. THE CARPET IS ROSE, THE WALLS AND CEILING SATIN-PINK, AND HANGINGS GREEN.

When the Queen and the Royal children returned from Deeside to London on the night of October 17-18, the Royal train included a new coach, which has been specially built at British Railways' Wolverton works. The coach has four sleeping compartments, two of which were occupied by the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. There is also a day compartment, called the children's lounge. The coach, painted externally to match the other vehicles of the Royal train, has special interior colour schemes and is air-conditioned.



THE ROYAL CHILDREN'S LOUNGE IN THE NEW COACH. THE WALLS AND CEILING ARE PEACH, THE CARPET GREEN, THE CURTAINS WINE, AND THE COVERS WINE AND BEIGE.



NOW UNDERGOING TRIALS IN NORTH-WEST ENGLAND: THE NEW DIESEL-ELECTRIC DELTIC LOCOMOTIVE, DESIGNED FOR A SPEED OF 90 M.P.H. BUT CAPABLE OF EXCEEDING 100 M.P.H.



ON THE FOOTPLATE OF A LOCOMOTIVE, MODERN STYLE: THE DRIVING CAB OF THE NEW DIESEL-ELECTRIC DELTIC, SHOWING THE CLEAN CONTROLS AND CLEAR VISION. The new Deltic locomotive, built by English Electric, is claimed to be the world's most powerful single unit Diesel-electric locomotive, and is now undergoing trials in North-West England preparatory to entering regular London-Liverpool service, which it may do by the end of November. The locomotive is powered by two Napier Deltic engines, and has been designed for a speed of 90 m.p.h. Weighing only 106 tons, it is capable in freight service of hauling 800 tons at 65 m.p.h.



THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW ATOMIC PARTICLE: SCIENTISTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA RESEARCH TEAM EXAMINING A FILM RECORD OF THE ANTI-PROTON.

On October 19 the Atomic Energy Commission and the University of California jointly announced the discovery of a new atomic particle, the anti-proton, a discovery of fundamental importance which may inaugurate a new era of nuclear research. The scientists shown are (l. to r.) Drs. Segre, Weigand and Chamberlain. Other members of the team were Drs. Lofgren and Ypsilantis.



VICKERS TURBOPROP AIRLINERS FOR ALL PURPOSES: MODELS OF THE SERIES SHOWING (TOP TO BOTTOM) THE VICKERS 900 VANGUARD, THE VISCOUNT 800, THE VISCOUNT 700. It was announced on October 18 that British European Airways are ordering from Vickers-Armstrongs a fleet of big turboprop airliners called *Vanguards* and carrying 93 to 105 passengers for ranges up to 2500 miles. The initial order is believed to be for twenty aircraft, which will come into service about 1959-60. The Viscount 700 (40-53-seater with 950-mile range) is already in service; and the Viscount 800 (65-70-seater) is to be delivered to B.E.A. early in 1956. The *Vanguard* will have four Rolls-Royce Tyne engines.



MOVING SLOWLY INTO THE SHELTER OF ITS ROCK-HEWN ANCHORAGE : THE SWEDISH DESTROYER *UPPLAND* IN SUBTERRANEAN DOCK.

In *The Illustrated London News* of January 15 this year, we described and illustrated a Swedish project by which ships of their Royal Navy will be afforded unique protection against nuclear attack by means of subterranean harbours hewn out of the solid rock of the Baltic islands. The photograph reproduced above reveals one of these cavern harbours, occupied by the Swedish destroyer *Uppland* (1880 tons) after returning from extensive manoeuvres. The deep-water approach

enables quite large warships to use the harbours, which already existed in the rudimentary form of natural caves or grottoes before the Swedes enlarged and equipped them. As well as providing an almost impregnable shelter in the face of aerial bombardment, the caverns offer superb facilities for concealing a large naval force, the entrances being indiscernible except at very close range. They can also house aircraft, radar defence and a large administrative staff.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE inevitable colour-slump occurred in my garden overnight, October 15-16. It always must and always does happen at about this time of the year, and

quite often—as this year—the night frost which does the damage comes during a period of particularly lovely Indian summer weather.

For weeks and months the tender and half-hardy plants, dahlias, zinnias, the planted-out "geraniums" (pelargoniums) and all the other summer "bedders," have been building up, developing and displaying more and more colour as though they were counting upon another six months of these comfortable carnival conditions. The mellow golden quality of the early autumn or Indian summer sunlight lends a special richness to all the colour. Then one lovely morning the dahlias are dead. They seem to be the most frost-conscious of all the carnival plants. But not really dead, of course. Merely shamming, and gone into mourning for their suddenly-vanished splendour. They have draped their slumping stems with weeds which look like slimy black crêpe. Below ground their tubers are perfectly sound. Within a week they will be dug up to lie in state in a box of straw in the coal-cellar. There they will remain, forgotten, until one day next spring I shall be reminded by a ghostly resurrection of pallid shoots among the straw that it is time that they were taken into the light, and hardened-off ready for replanting.

The afternoon before the slump happened I debated whether to gather the best of the zinnias for the house. They have been magnificent this year. I hesitated, and so, of course, was lost. So, too, were the zinnias. They now look terrible. A long bed of petunias, on the other hand, is flowering on quite unperturbed by frosts, and I confess I half-wish they had perished, the perishers, with the zinnias. I bought them as two boxes of seedlings last spring, without much care or thought. They turned out to be the rather vulgar type with big, floppy flowers in loud stripings and blotchings of purplish-red and white. Only during a brief period before sundown each evening have they been tolerable. Then some quality in the mellow, fading light caused their vulgarity to warm up into a rather barbaric splendour.

The slump-frost very nearly caught me "deviating from the perpendicular" where the two beds of gazanias, about which I wrote recently, were concerned. I had decided to transplant the bed of seedling plants to the protection of a cold frame for the winter, but had failed to do so before the frost came. Fortunately, the plants were not badly damaged. The tips of their leaves were slightly scorched, but the clumps had remained sound at heart. The bed of named varieties had taken no harm at all, but I am arranging to give them a lean-to shelter of Windolite without delay.

Last autumn I had a disaster—a minor one, but tiresome. This was with two stone vases which I had planted early in the summer with echeverias—as a

GARDEN SLUMP.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

permanency. I seem to remember telling about them in a former article—how I left them out just too late in the autumn, so that the plants got frosted and killed. They are a pair of vases which I designed and had cut a good many years ago, and which I brought with me when I migrated from Stevenage. They now sit upon a couple of squat stone piers on the west side of my house, and the position being very exposed and windy, it was important to find exactly the right type of plant. It must be something close and compact, which would enjoy full sun and which would not get blown about and damaged by wind. At the same time, I wanted some perennial which would improve with age. I have a great partiality for established veterans. An echeveria, with its formal rosettes of fleshy, blue-grey leaves like some great houseleek of rather super-exotic beauty, proved exactly what I wanted, for in addition to the fine formality of the foliage, there were the elegantly forked croziers carrying flights of urn-shaped blossoms in gold and warm orange-red. They did splendidly that first summer, but hesitations over the problem of transporting those heavy vases to the shelter of the cold greenhouse for the winter proved fatal. They got caught out by the usual slump-frost, and I lost the lot.

just fitted into my stone vases, with half an inch to spare all round. I planted my echeverias in rather mounded-up formation, with one big rosette in the centre, and smaller ones at intervals around it, leaving room for the formation of offset rosettes. The half-inch space between pan and vase was filled with sandy soil. The plants did well, flowered freely, and started the work of growing into solid, congested clumps after the manner of well-developed houseleeks. The night frost which jellied the dahlias did no harm to my echeverias. But I took the hint, prised the pans out of the stone vases, and carried them off to the greenhouse. Another summer's growth should give the clumps all the appearance of real veteran status.

In spite of the slump in floral colour, true autumn colour among trees and shrubs has scarcely begun. A 10-ft. *Acer griseum*, for instance, which, by the by, I raised from seed, is still as green as it was in July, though its trunk has reached an age and thickness which shows up most effectively—a fine mahogany-red, which is kept fresh and bright by the bark peeling off in great flakes in a most engaging manner.

In writing recently about wild flowers which I had seen in the island of South Uist, I mentioned an attractive crucifer which grew in the sea sand, just above high-water mark on the west coast. It made mats 2 and 3 ft. across and a foot high, carrying showy and very attractive heads of lilac honey-scented flowers which had the general appearance of that popular rock-garden plant, the lilac wallflower, *Cheiranthus linifolius*.

I have since found that this wild flower is the Common Sea Cakile, or Sea Rocket, *Cakile maritima*, an annual, described as inhabiting maritime sands and sea marshes and "common all round Britain." I am left wondering how I can have lived so long and yet missed meeting this attractive and by no means inconspicuous plant. I collected seeds, but somehow feel that if it grows at all in my garden it will behave in some silly, disgraceful or disappointing way.

The other wild plant which greatly attracted me was the little bog or Lancashire asphodel, *Narthecium ossifragum*. I had met this beautiful little plant in flower quite often in the past, but had never seen it in seed before, and I am inclined to think that it is quite as beautiful in seed as it is in flower, with its bright orange-red seed vessels carried in neat, erect torches. I gathered a bunch of them, which are in a tiny vase before me as I write. I brought home, too, three little turf-sods with growing roots of the asphodel, which I shall try in a stone

trough garden in which are a few other peat-loving treasures. The tiny leaves grow in flattened fans like some minute iris, and the golden flower spikes stand erect, to a height of 5 or 6 ins. or a trifle more. I have never met the bog or Lancashire asphodel in any rock garden, though it is far prettier than many Alpine treasures which are commonly grown there. In any case, the plant would be worth cultivating for the beauty of the name asphodel, though I confess I shall be tempted—if it grows and flowers—to invite my friends to come and look at my *ossifragum*. That should have most of them guessing.



THE ATTRACTIVE STEMS AND FRUITING HEADS OF THE BOG ASPHODEL (*NARTHECIUM OSSIFRAGUM*). THE STEMS AND SEED VESSELS ARE A TAWNY ORANGE IN COLOUR, THE CALYCES A DULL STRAW COLOUR.

This spring I made a fresh start with more echeverias, and this time I dodged the problem of transport by finding a pair of earthenware pans which



ONE OF TWO STONE VASES WHICH MR. ELLIOTT DESIGNED AND HAD CUT MANY YEARS AGO. 'IT IS HERE SEEN, SET ON A LOW STONE BASE AND PLANTED WITH ECHEVERIAS.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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ONCE A SACRED BIRD, BUT NOW EXTINCT
IN EGYPT: THE SACRED WHITE IBIS.



THOT, THE GOD OF LEARNING, WITH AN IBIS-HEAD AND CARRYING A LUNAR DISC AND CRESCENT. A BRONZE STATUETTE OF THE LATE DYNASTIC PERIOD.

A SACRED IBIS OF THE LATE DYNASTIC PERIOD OF EGYPT: A FAIENCE INLAY OF THE BIRD ON A PERCH AND HOLDING THE FEATHER OF TRUTH. (INSET, ABOVE.) A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF A LIVING IBIS.
(Reproduced from "The Story of Animal Life," by Dr. Maurice Burton.)



A BEAUTIFULLY-MODELLED AND WELL-PRESERVED STATUETTE IN FAIENCE OF THE GOD THOT, GOD OF LEARNING, WITH AN IBIS HEAD.



(ABOVE.) A MUMMIFIED WHITE IBIS OF THE PTOLEMAIC PERIOD; WITH (BELOW) DETAIL OF THE WRAPPING, SHOWING THE FIGURES OF THREE IBISES, APPLIQUÉ IN LINEN.



A VOTIVE FIGURE OF THE WHITE IBIS, OF THE PTOLEMAIC PERIOD. IT IS OF CAST BRONZE WITH A WOODEN BODY, COVERED WITH LINEN AND GESSO, PAINTED.

The Sacred or White Ibis (*Ibis* or *Threskiornis religiosa s. æthiopica*) no longer breeds in Egypt, but is common in the Sudan and further south. In Ancient Egyptian times, however, it was a constant feature of the banks and marshes of the Nile and is so shown in countless tomb paintings. It was, in the earliest times, a symbol of one of the provinces and became one of the hieroglyphs or picture-writing signs. Finally, it became associated with the god Thot, who is the god of learning, and the sciences and arts in general. At Hermopolis is found the chief evidence of the worship of the ibis; and in subterranean corridors near the

temple of the Ptolemaic period there have been found buried hundreds of mummified ibises; and it was probably from this site that there came the votive figure of an ibis which we illustrate on this page, and which was recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of New York. All the antiquities on this page are in the collections of that museum. So closely was the ibis associated with Thot that the god is most frequently shown in the form of a human figure with the head of an ibis, sometimes crowned with a lunar disc and crescent, since the bird was believed to have some relation with the moon.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE been filling in time with courses in head-waiting (small country hotels a speciality), and in the supervision of pyjama factories: here at once I must apologise for my resolutely English spelling. Later in this article I shall have to go, unwillingly, Transatlantic, having taken my course in a Middle West factory and come through unharmed, except for a certain trouble with the ear-drums.

On the whole, I think head-waiting may prove to be the more lucrative occupation (out of the theatre, not in it). It is, for example, almost absurdly simple to get a good tip if you use the right kind of saucer; and, as for the complex business of disposing of superfluous poached turbot—well, to graduates of my standard, that is the easiest matter in the world. There are still one or two points I have to check in the matter of exchanging wine-labels; but a few words from Professor Harker (on whom be peace) will probably put me right.

My course—and you, too, can take it with gratifying ease—was at the St. Martin's Theatre. A new dramatist, Rex Frost, has written a play called "Small Hotel" which is not so much a play as an illustrated guide to the conduct of a dining-room. I do not believe that, in years ahead, historians will open a chapter with the words, "And then in October 1955 came 'Small Hotel' and the beginning of a new era." But, as the late James Agate said wisely, "The theatre is a place of many pleasures, and a play may be a very jolly and seeable thing without being a work of art." "Small Hotel" is, I feel, that kind of "seeable thing."

Its plot is a mild anecdote. Gordon Harker—or Albert, as acted by Gordon Harker—has been waiting in the dining-room of "The Jolly Fiddler" (a good name for his part) during the last forty years. Alas, he has begun to keep his customers waiting, and this will never do. The head office of the hotel chain sends down the sort of supervisor whom we know, at the mere sight of that excellent actor Anthony Sharp, must be a slithy tove. Albert must go; but Albert does not go, and from the first it has been plain that he will not. Exactly why he will not is a story in which he and the permanent resident (Marjorie Fielding as a judicious mixture of lemon and vinegar on ice) share to our content with the junior waitress (Eleanore Bryan, just visible above her apron-bib) and a senior and appalling waitress (Diana King with an appropriate flounce and brag).

It is a comedy that invites facile cynicism. Even so, it is the kind of comedy very hard to dislike. We are rapidly at home in the dining-room of "The Jolly Fiddler," and we do want Albert to stay, thanks to Gordon Harker's husky-velvet benevolence like lightly-mulled claret. I agree it is by no means a masterpiece, but was it meant to be? It might, I suppose,

do better on the current West End stage if it were set in some *auberge* near the Loire, but I am quite prepared to take it as it is.

Undeniably, it is more entertaining than "The Pajama Game" (Coliseum)—my spelling has foundered—which is one of those brassily knowing musical plays: better than some, I hasten to add, but resolved to show us how ugly *décor* can be. The charmless scene, with its lack of charm expressed in Peter Arno's hideous programme cover, is a pajama factory in which the workers agitate for a rise. At this night school I learnt quite a lot about industrial disputes and the methods of factory work (the main point, it seems, is to avoid work at all costs). There is much agile dancing, especially by Elizabeth Seal, a "gamine" with a ragged fringe who looks anything but a hand in a Middle Western pyjama factory; Joy Nichols sings suitably, though I cannot see, for the life of me, that "Hey There!", also tried by Edmund Hockridge, is a major number, and Max Wall, who is made of elastic, turns "Think of the Time I Save" into one of the night's pleasures.

Otherwise, after two or three days, I cannot remember much but a number called "Steam Heat," which pleased the house at the première probably because it was craziness at its meridian, a blend of song and hiss, dance and shuffle. Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music has already sold two million and a half gramophone records. Quite a lot, I fancy, will

be sold during the next year or so, but I cannot be more than a half-hearted applauder.

It is odd, I dare say, to follow a note on "The Pajama Game" by one on the noble opera of "Otello" (composed by Verdi at the age of seventy-four), but I stick to chronological order to show what a week it has been. Verdi's music, under Covent Garden's new musical director, Rafael Kubelik, came through with a nobility matched by the singing of a superb cast. The second act curtain fell upon an inflamed rendering of the Othello-Iago oath, "Si, pel ciel marmoreo guiro!", that blazed through the theatre. I am not likely to forget Gré Brouwenstijn's "Salce" and "Ave Maria" in the last act. Ramon Vinay's Othello (hard to remember him as Otello), Otakar Kraus as Iago (in



A NEW BRIDE IN "SAILOR BEWARE": MISS HENRYETTA EDWARDS, WHO HAS NOW TAKEN OVER THE RÔLE FROM MISS SHEILA SHAND GIBBS IN THE POPULAR COMEDY AT THE STRAND THEATRE, WHICH REACHES ITS 300TH PERFORMANCE ON NOVEMBER 5.

Miss Henryetta Edwards, who is the daughter of those film pioneer artists Chrissie White and the late Henry Edwards, has taken over the rôle of the bride in "Sailor Beware" from Sheila Shand Gibbs, who is expecting a baby. Henryetta Edwards has taken over her first big stage rôle immediately after her first big film part in "The Feminine Touch," which was recently completed at Ealing Studios.



"WE ARE RAPIDLY AT HOME IN THE DINING-ROOM OF 'THE JOLLY FIDDLER,' AND WE DO WANT ALBERT TO STAY, THANKS TO GORDON HARKER'S HUSKY-VELVET BENEVOLENCE...": "SMALL HOTEL" (ST. MARTIN'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH ALBERT (GORDON HARKER) PUTS WHAT EFFIE (ELEANORE BRYAN) CALLS A "CHÂTEAU WEEK-END" LABEL ON A BOTTLE OF SAUTERNE. (Photo above right.)

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SMALL HOTEL" (St. Martin's).—You are a head waiter in a small country hotel. And it is your duty to palm off on an unsuspecting clientèle four portions of heated-up poached turbot. How is it done? For information observe Gordon Harker in Rex Frost's little hotel comedy at the St. Martin's, a gently diverting piece, quiet and unpretentious and about other things than poached turbot. Marjorie Fielding, Eleanore Bryan, and Diana King are all in good form. (October 12.)

"THE PAJAMA GAME" (Coliseum).—The latest gale from the United States. Now and then it wanes to a flat calm, but at moments—as in "Steam Heat"—and when such people as Elizabeth Seal, Joy Nichols and Max Wall are about, we can forget the deplorable *décor* and some of the equally deplorable jokes. Adler and Ross have written a few lively numbers, the dancing is brisk, and you will learn a lot about the management of a pajama factory in the Middle West—that is, if the subject interests you. (October 13.)

"OTELLO" (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden).—Verdi's noble opera, with Rafael Kubelik as musical director, is finely sung. The performances of Ramon Vinay, Otakar Kraus, and Gré Brouwenstijn roused the first Covent Garden audience—and rightly. (October 17.)

JOHNNIE RAY AND VARIETY (London Hippodrome).—It would be true also to say that, in mournfully frenzied song, Mr. Ray is rousing his Hippodrome audiences. Fortunately, for some of us, there are also an unusually good comic ventriloquist (Harry Worth) besides equilibrists and trapezists (October 18.)



"A GENTLY DIVERTING PIECE": "SMALL HOTEL," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH GORDON HARKER AS THE RESOURCEFUL WAITER, MARJORIE FIELDING AS MRS. SAMSON-BOX, THE PERMANENT RESIDENT, AND ANTHONY SHARP AS MR. FINCH, WHO HAS BEEN SENT DOWN BY THE HEAD OFFICE TO INVESTIGATE MATTERS. (Centre photo.)

place of Tito Gobbi), thrusting out the "Credo" with a tormented force, the towering Wakhevitch sets, Peter Potter's way with the swirling crowds—yes, a noble production: no other epithet. There is hardly need to linger on any comparison between play and opera, though I can murmur that Shakespeare managed his plot more richly than Signor Boito did (in spite of the tautness of the libretto), and that, for all their quality, the Covent Garden Otello and Iago cannot have for me the fullest passion of great Shakespearean acting. Even so, it was a night of excitement, and I shall remember for a long time the stage picture when the curtains parted upon the storm at Cyprus and there came to mind the glorious Shakespearean lines given—remarkably, for what largesse the man would cast away!—to a Second Gentleman:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th'ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enclafed flood.

Other lines from this play might serve for the squealing and squeaking of Johnnie Ray's girl "fans" in the Variety programme at the Hippodrome: "The general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it." We come down here with a bump. The affair is a strange phenomenon, a queer comment on human behaviour. I am still wondering about the large girl in the green sweater embroidered with the phrase "Johnnie Ray—Emotion—Cry," who forced her way upon the stage just as the curtain dropped. No doubt the frenzied wailing on the stage was a lesson in the art of grabbing an audience. I had far friendlier thoughts for Harry Worth, a charming ventriloquist, who told us that he was not making a come-back because he had not gone very far. I think he will—in the right direction.



THE OPENING OF THE OPERA: AFTER THE STORM, OTELLO (RAMON VINAY; RIGHT CENTRE) RETURNS AND ANNOUNCES HIS VICTORY OVER THE TURKS.



THE SEEDS OF JEALOUSY ARE PLANTED; AND OTELLO (LEFT) BEGS IAGO (OTAKAR KRAUS) TO TELL HIM MORE ABOUT DESDEMONA'S INFIDELITY.



DESDEMONA (GRÉ BROUWENSTIJN) SHOWS OTELLO THE HANDKERCHIEF HE ONCE GAVE, AS SHE REASSURES HIM ABOUT HER FIDELITY AND LOVE.



IN DESDEMONA'S BEDCHAMBER: OTELLO HAS WAKENED HER WITH A KISS AND SHE REFUSES TO CONFESS THAT SHE HAS BEEN UNFAITHFUL.



IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE: THE VENETIAN AMBASSADOR HAS BROUGHT THE NEWS OF OTELLO'S RECALL; AND THE MOOR STRIKES DESDEMONA DOWN.

VERDI'S "OTELLO": A BRILLIANT OPENING TO THE NEW SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN, UNDER MR. RAFAEL KUBELIK.

The performance on October 17 at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, of Verdi's "Otello"—one of the greatest of all operas—marked not only the beginning of the autumn season at Covent Garden, but also the first public appearance of the new musical director, Mr. Rafael Kubelik, who conducted the opera and received a warm welcome from an enthusiastic audience. The principal rôles were sung as follows: Otello, by Mr. Ramon Vinay, the Chilean, who has previously sung the rôle in England; Desdemona, by Miss Gré

Brouwenstijn, the Dutch soprano; and Iago, by Mr. Otakar Kraus, who is a Czech. The opera was sung in Italian and the rôle of Iago was to have been sung by Mr. Tito Gobbi, who was unable to arrive in time for sufficient rehearsal with the company, Mr. Kubelik having made it plain that he attaches particular importance to the sort of all-round ensemble that demands a certain minimum of rehearsal. The *décor* was by Wakhevitch and the production by Mr. Peter Potter, who has joined the staff of Covent Garden.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



HEDGEHOGS' WEIGHTS AND ECSTATIC MEASURES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

by few, and the only people to have written about it are four Germans, a Frenchman and a Dane.

When a hedgehog comes across something having the appropriate properties to cause a heavy flow of

saliva, it snuffles around it and begins to lick it in the most spirited manner. If the object is small enough it will take it into its mouth and chew it vigorously. In the course of this, the object of these attentions becomes spattered with frothy flecks of saliva. Then the hedgehog turns its head and, putting out its tongue to full stretch, transfers the spittle to one or more of its spines. It does this only to the spines, never to the hair-covered underparts of the body. The movements are so quick that it is impossible to see exactly what is done, but the result is that the spines become flecked with drops of saliva. These quickly dry, and although they may have taken on the colour and odour of the object originally licked or chewed, it is only the saliva that is transferred to the spines. If the object is small enough to be chewed, it is dropped from the mouth before the anointing begins.

Substances that have been found to bring this unusual behaviour into play include anything containing glue or paste, tobacco, cigarette-ends, pieces of a cigarette packet, anything that has been in contact with perspiration, flowers such as hyacinths, tincture of valerian, the skin of a dead toad, putrid animal matter, printer's ink, the fabric of a handkerchief, paper, and so on. Konrad Herter, who has given us the most complete account of this behaviour, tells that after a stove had been enamelled and the fire lighted, the smell of the hot enamel caused a hedgehog to start self-anointing. He has also seen this happen when somebody smoked a cigar. In both instances the hedgehog was seen to raise its head and sniff the air before starting the self-anointing. Herter also reports seeing hedgehogs in a room sniff the air and start the self-anointing although there was no unusual smell that human nostrils could detect.

The substances stimulating this behaviour and certain features of the behaviour itself inevitably recall "anting" in birds, which has been described previously on this page. Another feature in common is the seeming ecstasy with which it is carried out. A hedgehog will throw its head first to one side then the other, touching a fleck on to a spine on the flank, then on to one on the shoulder, the neck, the thigh, and so on. The whole process gives the impression of the animal being driven by some compelling force. The fore-legs are stretched forward as the head is twisted back over the body, and in its contortions the hedgehog may topple over on one side.

Even young hedgehogs, a week old, will indulge this curious behaviour in the presence of substances which do not affect an adult. Items of food, for example, which the grown hedgehog eats but which the young one has not before met, will set it off in the ecstasy of anointing its spines. Even clean water, the first time it is presented to a young hedgehog, will do so.

Like "anting" in birds, self-anointing can be infectious. A hedgehog has been seen to go up to another that had just finished a bout of self-anointing, lick the flecks of dried saliva and itself go through the actions. Then a third hedgehog came to the second and repeated the process.

Although self-anointing has so far been observed in captive hedgehogs only, wild hedgehogs have been found with flecks of saliva on the spines. For over 2000 years the hedgehog has attracted the attention of the savants, yet not until recent years has this feature of its life story been set on record. How much more remains to be learned?



"ABOUT ONE DROP EVERY HALF MINUTE": THE NOSE OF A HEDGEHOG WHICH IS SO WET THAT THERE IS A CONTINUOUS FLOW OF FLUID RESULTING IN ONE DROP AFTER ANOTHER FALLING FROM THE NOSE IN RAPID SUCCESSION.

A hedgehog has an extremely acute sense of smell. This has been proved by its behaviour as well as by experimental test. No doubt the habit described in Dr. Burton's article as "self-anointing" owes much, at least in the vigour with which it is carried out, to this remarkably delicate sense of smell. We are accustomed to making a rough comparison between a cat and a dog in regard to this sense from a cat's having a dry nose and the dog's nose being moist. What we can say of the hedgehog is that its nose is so wet there is a continuous flow of fluid which falls in drops from the nose in rapid succession.



IT READILY ROLLS INTO A BALL FOR SLEEP OR PROTECTION: A HEDGEHOG, WHICH FOR MOST OF ITS TIME IS ALMOST THE EPITOME OF LETHARGY, BUT IT CAN RUN WITH SPEED, AND ON OTHER OCCASIONS CAN BEHAVE WITH VIGOUR, AS IN THE CURIOUS HABIT OF "SELF-ANOINTING."

Photographs by Neave Parker.

OCTOBER is traditionally the month when hedgehogs are expected to go into hibernation, and doubtless they are all tucked away by now. The moment may be appropriate, therefore, to deal with some long-cherished notions and some new knowledge. The hedgehog has been known to a large number of people for a very long time. Unlike most other mammals in Europe it does not flee the presence of a human being, nor is it secretive in its habits. So, in spite of its being mainly nocturnal, it is very familiar to us. It has figured very prominently in story and legend. Yet we know relatively little about it. Or perhaps, it would be more correct to say that there is relatively little about it in the English language literature. More can be found, especially in the German literature, and there is one particularly informative work by Konrad Herter, published in 1938, which seems to have been largely overlooked.

It is a long-standing belief that a hedgehog is fattest just before it goes into hibernation and that it is at its lowest weight on waking from its winter sleep. Herter weighed hedgehogs monthly throughout the year and found the weight of the sow to be at its lowest in January, increasing steadily until about the middle of May, then dropping again until the next January. This is not absolutely regular but it represents the average. The weight of the boar, on average, drops steadily from September to May and then increases steadily until the next August and September. Only the boar therefore, comes near being fattest just before hibernation. The reasons for these fluctuations are not plain. They may have something to do with the breeding season, but if they have, it does not fully explain the steady drop in the sow's weight from May to January.

Another cherished idea is that the sow is larger and heavier than the boar. Herter found that the average weight of twenty sows and twenty boars, taken at their yearly maximum, was almost identical. In fact, the boars averaged nearly 5 per cent. more than the sows. He also found that fully-grown hedgehogs vary enormously in weight, from 715 to 1801 gms. An individual will vary in weight, quite apart from its seasonal fluctuations. For example, one individual may weigh 1000 gms. in September of one year, 1600 gms. in the September of the next year and 1800 gms. in the same month of the third year. Then, perhaps, the next year it will drop to 1400 gms.

The life-span of a hedgehog in captivity is given by Herter as up to ten years. I have had verbal testimony that one lived for fourteen years. As a rule, wild animals do not live as long as those in captivity, and therefore sheltered and protected from enemies. In a hedgehog the signs of age are that the cheek-teeth become worn down and thickly coated with tartar. Skulls of wild hedgehogs sometimes show these signs, so we may reasonably suppose that the ripe age of ten years is sometimes attained in the wild.

One of the more striking pieces of information in Herter's monograph concerns the hedgehog's habit of anointing itself with its own spittle. In German this is referred to as *selbstbespucken*, literally, to spit on oneself. On the one or two rare occasions that reference to it has been made in an English journal, it has been rendered as "self-spitting," which hardly conveys the same meaning so translated. It seems to me that "self-anointing," if still unsatisfactory, is nearer the mark. This curious behaviour has been observed

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MODERATOR-DESIGNATE: DR. SCOTT.

The Minister of St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, London, the Rev. Dr. R. F. V. Scott, was nominated as Moderator-Designate of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland on October 18. Dr. Scott was ordained in 1923 and has been at St. Columba's since 1938, becoming minister in 1941. He will be the first minister of the Scottish Church in England to become Moderator.



RETIRING AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS AS DIRECTOR: MR. DAVID E. FINLEY.

On October 19 the Trustees of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, announced that Mr. David E. Finley would retire as Director of the Gallery on July 1, 1956. Mr. Finley was special assistant to the Secretary of the U.S. Treasury from 1927-32. He became the first Director of the National Gallery of Art in 1938, and has played an important part in developing the Gallery, which is soon to celebrate its Fifteenth Anniversary.



PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON: MR. CHESTER DALE.

It was announced on October 19 that Mr. Chester Dale, of New York, has been elected President of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, in succession to the late Samuel H. Kress. Mr. Dale, who has been a Trustee of the Gallery since 1943, retired from active business in 1935 to devote his time to his outstanding collection of paintings, which is one of the greatest collections of modern French art in the world.



AWARDED THE QUEEN'S GOLD MEDAL FOR POETRY: MISS RUTH PITTER.

On October 19 Miss Ruth Pitter was presented by the Queen with the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry for 1955. The poet's work is innocent of the perverse obscurity of some contemporary verse, and is notable for its warmth and compassion. Miss Pitter is fifty-seven. Last year's award was won by Mr. Ralph Hodgson, and that for 1953 by Dr. Arthur Waley.



AT THE LAUNCHING OF M.V. EDEN: LADY EDEN RECEIVES A BOUQUET.

Lady Eden, the wife of the Prime Minister, launched the 7500-ton motor cargo liner *Eden* for the Royal Mail Lines, Ltd., from the Belfast yard of Harland and Wolff's, on October 19. *M.V. Eden* will carry twelve passengers in addition to general and refrigerated cargo, and will be used for the company's Caribbean service. The Prime Minister and the Minister of Transport, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, were to have been present at the launching, but had to cancel the engagement.



DR. NEY, LEADER OF THE CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS IN THE SAAR.



DR. HEINRICH SCHNEIDER, LEADER OF THE SAAR DEMOCRATIC PARTY.



HERR CONRAD, CHAIRMAN OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY.



HERR HOFFMANN, THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE SAAR.



LEAVING TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS AT THE PALACE: THE EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR.

The new Egyptian Ambassador, his Excellency Monsieur Samy Abu El Fetouh, presented his Letters of Credence to her Majesty on October 18. His appointment was announced in Cairo in April. M. Fetouh, who is fifty, was Under-Secretary in the Foreign Ministry until his new appointment. He is a professional diplomatist, and has been Egyptian Minister in Stockholm. In 1936 he was Counsellor at the Egyptian Embassy in London.



A NORWEGIAN HERO OF THE "SHETLAND GANG": MR. LEIF LARSEN.

Mr. Leif Larsen, a Norwegian commander of a fishing smack in the wartime "Shetland Gang," although never officially in the R.N., received, nevertheless, the C.M.G., D.S.O., D.S.C., D.S.M. and Bar for his gallantry in many missions to the Norwegian coast; and is a popular hero in Norway. He recently visited London on the publication of his wartime story, "None But the Brave," told by Frithjof Saelen.

THE SAARLANDERS REJECT THE "EUROPEAN" STATUTE BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY: HERR HOFFMANN'S CABINET RESIGNS AFTER THE REFERENDUM.

On October 22, 96.7 per cent. of the Saarland electorate went to the polls in the referendum on the Statute by which the Saar was to be made a "European" territory under an independent commissioner. The Statute was rejected by 423,434 votes against 201,973. This overwhelming defeat of the Statute implied also a defeat for Herr Hoffmann, the Prime Minister; and he and his Cabinet resigned after the result was announced, but not before the three pro-German parties had issued a joint statement demanding Herr Hoffmann's resignation. The three opposition leaders are Dr. Schneider, a former Nazi; Dr. Ney, a sixty-three-year-old lawyer, and Herr Conrad, a trade unionist.



AN AUTHORITY ON SPEECH DIES: SIR RICHARD PAGET.

A leading authority on speech, vocal acoustics and gesture language, Sir Richard Paget died on October 23 at his home in London, aged eighty-six. Apart from his original studies of the problems of sound—particularly those of voice production—he contributed much valuable scientific information calculated to benefit those handicapped by physical disabilities.



A FORMER GOVERNOR OF MALTA DIES: SIR CHARLES BONHAM-CARTER.

General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, who died at his home at Petersfield on October 21, aged seventy-nine, was a former Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta from 1936-40. This followed a distinguished Army career. Director-General of the Territorial Army from 1933 until his Malta appointment, he was also A.D.C. General to King George VI. from 1938 to 1941.



THE LAST BRITISH GENERAL OFFICER WITH THE INDIAN ARMY RETIRES.

Major-General H. Williams retired from the appointment of Engineer-in-Chief of the Indian Army on October 15. He was the last British General Officer to serve with the Indian Army, and has handed over to the first Indian Officer to hold this appointment, which he has held since January 1948. It is believed that there are now only six British officers and six British N.C.O.s left serving with the Indian Army.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE GREATEST SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SCULPTOR.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

its essential sincerity or the consummate technique which has gone to its making; the like had not been seen before, nor will be again. Here I must quote: "Though undertaken without a premeditated comprehensive programme, Bernini's work in and around St. Peter's embodies more fully the spirit of the Catholic Restoration and, implicitly, that of the Baroque age, than any other complex of works of art in Europe. In ever new manifestations the perpetuity and triumph of the Church, the glory of Faith and sacrifice are given expression, and these highly charged symbols impress themselves on the beholder's eye and mind through

a mirage between the dark-bronze columns over St. Peter's tomb, at the farthest end of the apse—the throne in which is vested the passing on of the spiritual power to St. Peter and his successors. . . . Despite the multitude of impressions any of these works may evoke, Bernini achieves the total subordination of architecture, sculpture and decoration to an overriding spiritual conception."

I must turn from these high matters to secular subjects. Of special interest to this country is—or, rather, would have been—the bust of King Charles I. which Bernini executed in 1636 from the well-known triple portrait by Van Dyck at Windsor. It is likely that this portrait was taken to Rome by Thomas Baker, the foppish fellow whose bust, also by Bernini, is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The King's bust reached London in 1637; Charles was delighted with it and so was the Queen, who sent Bernini a diamond said to have been worth 4000 scudi (the author is of the opinion that a scudo equalled about a pound in our money) and wanted a portrait bust of herself. Bernini, overwhelmed with work for the Pope, had to obtain permission to execute the bust of the King, which, as a papal present to the Queen, was regarded as an object of great political significance. The civil war prevented the execution of the Queen's bust. The King's bust was lost in the fire which destroyed Whitehall in 1698, and we have to be satisfied with various drawings and later copies.

The other famous bust of a reigning monarch is to be seen at Versailles, that of Louis XIV. This was executed in 1665, when Bernini visited Paris. The King wanted him to plan the rebuilding of the Louvre: "When he returned home five months later he left nothing behind except the marble bust of the King. His plans for the Louvre were abandoned and none of his other Paris projects were taken up." None the less, this Paris visit is of extraordinary interest to posterity; thanks to the diary kept by his French companion and interpreter, Paul Fréart, we have a detailed account of the great sculptor's methods, which included a careful study of the King as he went about his daily round of occupations. Thirteen sittings, each lasting about an hour, followed. Is it very wicked on my part to turn with something like relief from saints and popes and cardinals and kings, splendid though these are, to the details of fountains which derive from the antique world (as do his angels for that matter),

or to such a *tour de force* as the David in the Borghese Gallery, executed when he was twenty-five (Plate 13)?

Of the fountain sculpture, the only piece in this country is the Neptune and Triton, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum (Plate 11). This also is an early work, probably made in 1620 when he was twenty-two, and even under cover and without the water for which it was intended, is a joy to behold. It came to England in 1786, was bought by Sir Joshua Reynolds and since his death and until 1950 was one of the treasures of Brocklesby Park, Lincolnshire, the home of Lord Yarborough. But then nothing could be impossible to the boy who by the age of seventeen produced so charming and so competent a work as "The Goat Amalthea Nursing the Infant Zeus and a Young Satyr" (Plate 1) — something straight from Virgil's Georgics. No wonder

many of the angels in his most solemn funeral monuments retain something of the fresh graces of this pagan world!

In addition to the lengthy introduction and the illustrations, the book contains a complete detailed catalogue of the accepted works by Bernini, and an illuminating discussion on each.



GIAN LORENZO BERNINI (1598-1680), by universal consent the greatest sculptor of his age, both because of the originality of his work and his influence upon his contemporaries and successors all over Europe, has had many hard words said about him, culminating in the pontifical John Ruskin's remark that it seemed "impossible for false taste and base feeling to sink lower." Like so many of that earnestly bombinating, self-appointed Victorian Messiah's pronouncements this opinion seems not only unfair but foolish; Bernini's achievements in Rome in the matter of fountains alone would be sufficient to make any ordinary man not only famous but beloved, so comely is their form, so gay and lively their allegories; as is shown very clearly in the illustrations to Dr. Wittkower's* study. But if our predecessors passed the bounds of either decency or good sense in abusing not merely Bernini but all seventeenth-century sculpture, we now seem to be heading in the contrary direction and to be persuading ourselves that neither he nor his followers could make mistakes. Taste is not really a thing one can argue about.

The author of this first-class book apparently finds the baldacchino in St. Peter's ennobling and superb; some of us regard it as ingenuous, tiresome, magnificent, extravagant, and deplorable. I see no reason to quarrel—it is merely that Dr. Wittkower is able to see this complicated work through the eyes of Bernini and his contemporaries and to share something of their experience. What is surely monstrous on the part of Ruskin was to accuse this most pious of sculptors of "base feeling"; the whole point about him was that as the leading artist in Rome at the time of the Counter-Reformation he was genuinely devout, and that the expressions of faith which to many of us seem so sentimental and superficial did represent to him, and still do to many millions, the most profound truths. The representations of saintly women sinking back in death in the odour of sanctity are to me mawkish rather than impressive and are the ancestresses of a thousand meretricious tomb horrors all over Europe, but they and their descendants give comfort to many good souls, so who am I to complain? It was the fashion to droop about slightly larger than life, and it is no coincidence that much of Bernini's work was over life-size.

But all this is merely saying that he was the child of his age as well as, professionally, its conqueror—and the extent of that conquest is beautifully indicated by the 122 full-page plates, the 100 or so photographs in the text and the author's lucid narrative. The majority of the photographs have been specially taken for the book, and in many examples are of details which could hardly be visible, at least not so clearly, to the person standing at ground-level. Those who, like myself, find the twisted pillars of the baldacchino in St. Peter's, and indeed the whole conception of that astonishing work and of the chair of St. Peter framed by it, too rich and elaborate for our insular puritanism, will be wise to study Plates 40-44 and 89-96. We may still remain unconvinced that all this is more than marvellous theatre, but we shall not be able to deny



"BUST OF GABRIELE FONSECA": THIS OVER LIFE-SIZE MARBLE WAS COMPLETED BY BERNINI BETWEEN 1668 AND 1675 AS PART OF THE DECORATION FOR A CHAPEL IN S. LORENZO IN LUCINA, IN ROME. THE PORTUGUESE GABRIELE FONSECA WAS INNOCENT X.'S PHYSICIAN UNTIL 1654.



THE "ANIMA BEATA" AND (RIGHT) THE "ANIMA DANNATA": TWO EARLY WORKS BY GIAN LORENZO BERNINI. THESE LIFE-SIZE MARBLE BUSTS ARE NOW IN THE PALAZZO DI SPAGNA, IN ROME. SO FAR, "LITTLE ATTENTION HAS BEEN PAID TO THESE IMPORTANT WORKS," WHICH WERE ORIGINALLY IN S. GIACOMO DEGLI SPAGNUOLI.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced from "Gian Lorenzo Bernini"; by courtesy of the Publishers, The Phaidon Press.

their impetuous visual language which seems irresistible in its intensity. . . . As the pilgrim stands under the portico of St. Peter's, the equestrian statue of Constantine, testimony of Christ's conquest of the worldly empire, appears to his right like an apparition and, entering the church through the central door, he views

* "Gian Lorenzo Bernini." By Rudolf Wittkower. 122 photographic Plates and 106 text illustrations. (The Phaidon Press; 50s.)

DISASTROUS AMERICAN FLOODS; WORLD NEWS—AND "MISS WORLD."



MORE FLOOD DAMAGE IN AN AREA WHICH, TWO MONTHS AGO, HAD ITS WORST FLOODS IN HISTORY: HOUSES TORN OPEN IN NORWALK, CONNECTICUT, BY FLOOD WATERS. In August the six north-eastern States of the U.S.—Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Jersey—suffered the worst floods of their history. In mid-October, as the result of torrential rains lasting three days, they suffered the second worst floods. The death roll from this second disaster reached thirty-eight on October 17 and about 6900 families were driven from home.



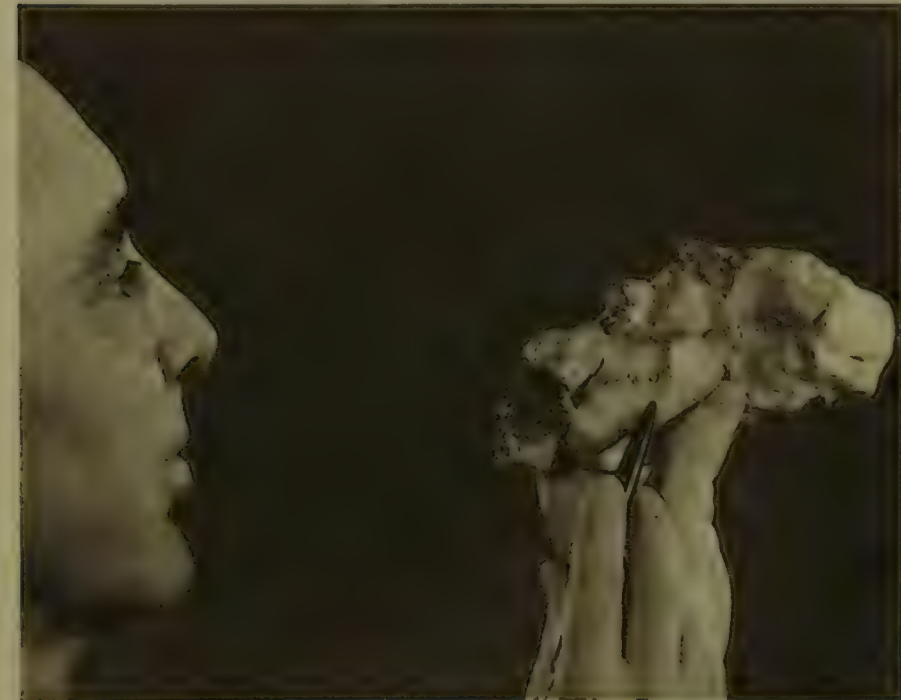
A SECONDARY EFFECT OF THE NEW ENGLAND FLOODS: PART OF A FIVE-MILE TRAFFIC JAM ON THE MERRITT PARKWAY, CLOSED AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF PART OF ITS LENGTH NEAR NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.



BREASTING THE WAVES IN THE BEACH CONTROL LABORATORY OF THE U.S. ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS: A WAVE-TROUGH FOR LARGE WAVES AT WASHINGTON, D.C. This wave-making trough, 635 ft. long and with a wave-making bulkhead 20 ft. high, has been devised by the U.S. Army Engineers for testing methods of protecting coastal areas against hurricane damage; and it can produce waves up to 7 ft. high.



WINNER OF THE "MISS WORLD" CONTEST: MISS VENEZUELA (SEÑORITA SUSANA DJUIM), WITH (LEFT) THE SECOND, MISS U.S.A.; AND (RIGHT) THE THIRD, MISS GREECE. A beauty contest held in the Lyceum ballroom, London, on October 20 for the title "Miss World," resulted in a win for Miss Venezuela, who received a rose-bowl, £500 in cash and a red Triumph T.R.2 sports car. Among the judges were Miss Gloria Swanson and Miss Hermione Gingold.



HOLDING A FINE FOSSIL HEAD OF A TRITYLODONT: DR. E. H. COLBERT, LEADER OF A U.S. EXPEDITION WHICH DISCOVERED THIS SUMMER IN MONUMENT VALLEY, ARIZONA, THE LARGEST GROUP YET FOUND OF FOSSIL TRITYLODONTS, A "MISSING LINK" BETWEEN REPTILES AND MAMMALS OF 175,000,000 YEARS AGO.



DRIVING TO PARK ON THE TOP OF A DEPARTMENTAL STORE: A SPIRAL ROADWAY RECENTLY BUILT IN AACHEN, WEST GERMANY, TO LEAD TO A PARKING-SPACE FOR NINETY CARS WHICH HAS BEEN MADE ON THE TOP OF A DEPARTMENTAL STORE. IT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN WEST GERMANY.

A U.S. AIR-SPEED RECORD ATTEMPT, A GIFT FOR THE W.R.A.C.,
A BISHOP CONSECRATED, AND A VIET-NAM INSPECTION.



(ABOVE.) CLAIMING A NEW WORLD SPEED RECORD FOR A 500-KILOMETRES CLOSED CIRCUIT COURSE: THE U.S. NAVY'S DOUGLAS A4D SKYHAWK JET BOMBER. (RIGHT.) IN THE COCKPIT OF THE SKYHAWK AFTER HIS RECORD ATTEMPT AT 695.163 M.P.H. ON OCTOBER 15 AT MUROC, CALIFORNIA: LIEUTENANT GORDON GRAY. THE SKYHAWK IS A LIGHTWEIGHT ATTACK BOMBER CARRYING ROCKETS, GUIDED MISSILES OR ATOMIC WEAPONS.



PRESENTING A MODEL GUN FROM THE DISBANDED ANTI-AIRCRAFT COMMAND: GENERAL SIR FREDERICK PILE (RIGHT).
At a ceremony at Guildford, on October 18, a silver model 3.7-in. anti-aircraft gun was presented by General Sir Frederick Pile, the wartime G.O.C.-in-C. of Anti-Aircraft Command, now disbanded, to Brigadier M. Railton, Director, W.R.A.C., to commemorate the co-operation between the Royal Artillery of Anti-Aircraft Command and the Auxiliary Territorial Service, now the W.R.A.C.



PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER THE CONSECRATION AND ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS, DUNKELD AND PERTH: DIGNITARIES OF THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
The Rev. John W. A. Howe (front left) was consecrated and enthroned as Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld and Perth in the Scottish Episcopal Church on October 18. Seated next to him in the above photograph, taken shortly after the ceremony, are the Primus, the Bishop of Argyll (centre) and the Bishop of Durham. In the back row are (l. to r.): The Bishops of Aberdeen and Brechin, Bishop Wilson (formerly of Moray), and the Bishops of Edinburgh, Glasgow and Moray. The ceremony was performed at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth.



VISITING LOYAL TROOPS OF SOUTH VIET-NAM A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE PLEBISCITE WHICH ESTABLISHED HIM IN OFFICE: MR. NGO DINH DIEM, THE PRIME MINISTER (RIGHT).
Ignoring his "dismissal" by the Emperor Bao Dai, the Prime Minister of Southern Viet-Nam called upon more than 5,000,000 voters to decide on October 23 whether he should displace the Emperor as Head of State. The result of the plebiscite was overwhelmingly in favour of the Prime Minister, who was signally successful in restoring order after the riots of last April.



STANDING IMPERTURBABLY IN SWAMP WATER WHILE AWAITING INSPECTION: SOUTHERN VIET-NAMESE TROOPS, VISITED BY THEIR PRIME MINISTER, NGO DINH DIEM.

AN EL GRECO AND A TITIAN IN THE NEWS,
SCHWEITZER, O.M., COCTEAU, "IMMORTAL."



A DRAWING ATTRIBUTED TO TITIAN, WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN ROME, IN THE ARCHIVES OF PRINCE RUSPOLI.

Professor Carlo Grimaldi, one of the world's greatest experts on Old Master drawings and engravings, claims to have discovered this hitherto unknown drawing by Titian. It came to light while he was working among old letters and other papers in the archives at Rome of Prince Ruspoli.



A SKETCH FOR "THE DREAM OF PHILIP II.," BY EL GRECO, WHICH HAS BEEN BOUGHT BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY FROM AN ENGLISH OWNER.

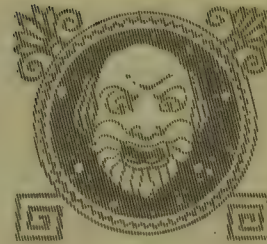
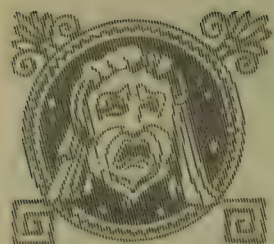
After much preliminary publicity in the Press, an official announcement regarding the sale of the sketch, by El Greco, for his famous painting, "The Dream of Philip II.," was, at the time of writing, expected at any moment. It is understood that the National Gallery has bought the picture from Lieut.-Colonel W. J. Stirling, of Keir, Perthshire, who inherited it from his father in 1931. The final price was reported to be £55,000, though this will probably be subject to death duties. The painting is a sketch for the much larger picture painted for the Prior's cell at the Escorial. Sir Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, has stressed the importance of obtaining the painting for the National Gallery, which has no specimen of El Greco's more elaborate religious compositions.



DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER (LEFT), THE GREAT MISSIONARY, PHILOSOPHER AND MUSICIAN, WHO RECENTLY RECEIVED THE O.M., WITH SIR ANTHONY EDEN.
Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the missionary-philosopher-musician who has been for so long an inspiring legend and who was eighty this year, has been recently visiting London. On October 19 he was received by the Queen, who invested him at Buckingham Palace with the Order of Merit, the only other honorary holder of which is President Eisenhower; and the same day he visited the Prime Minister at Downing Street. On October 23 he received an Hon. LL.D. at Cambridge.



COCTEAU JOINS THE "IMMORTALS": THE FAMOUS FRENCH POET, PLAYWRIGHT, NOVELIST AND FILM DIRECTOR BEING CONGRATULATED AFTER BEING RECEIVED INTO THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE
On October 20 M. Jean Cocteau was received into the Académie Française to which he was elected in March; and among the 800 spectators under the dome of the Institute—10,000 had applied for tickets—were notabilities Royal, political, literary, social and theatrical. In a sparkling inaugural address, during which he said that he felt like "an acrobat balanced on top of a pile of chairs," M. Cocteau expressed the wish "that the Académie may be the protector of all those suspected of individualism."



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

REGAL RHAPSODIES.

By ALAN DENT.

THE Queen asks Raleigh to dine with her. She is delighted with his gallantry when he spreads his cloak across a puddle of water so that she can walk across dry foot." So says Synopsis to the new film, "The Virgin Queen." Synopsis usually has a kind of rough accuracy, but not so here in its account of the legend which is the first thing most of us get to know about Queen Elizabeth in our early infancy. It is comparatively unimportant to note that the "puddle" in the film is really a runnel or running ditch barely a foot wide. But it is important to note that the Queen

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



BETTE DAVIS AS QUEEN ELIZABETH IN "THE VIRGIN QUEEN," PRODUCED BY CHARLES BRACKETT AND DIRECTED BY HENRY KOSTER.

In choosing Miss Bette Davis as the outstanding film actress of the fortnight, Mr. Alan Dent writes: "Not for the first time in her long and distinguished career, Miss Bette Davis assumes a startling and unflattering make-up and plays Queen Elizabeth I.—regally, arrogantly and yet humanly. She takes the great character in her stride—and what a stride! This is undoubtedly the grand manner, and it makes the film—"The Virgin Queen," directed by Henry Koster—seem very much better than it actually is. There have been plenty of much worse historical films (there is one such under review this week). Miss Davis's performance makes this one enjoyable and even memorable."

is played by Bette Davis with a wilful and—it must be granted—highly impressive exaggeration of all her mannerisms. She walks, for example, in a way so grotesque—throwing her lower members as widely apart as seems humanly possible, and swaying her body from side to side as she does so—that one imagines Miss Davis to have been viewing music-hall impersonators who find her an easy subject, laughing at them, and then deciding to go one better! She does so.

Let it not be thought that we make too much of this trivial incident. There is little else in the film of which to make more. The point of our dwelling upon it is that this Queen Elizabeth, with that stride, would be well over the miserable runnel without even noticing it, or without it having so much as half a chance to wet or even dampen her farthingale. Walter Raleigh would not therefore have had the urge or even the time to throw down his rich cloak to aid his Queen's progress, and the Queen would have been deprived of the splendid opportunity to make the striking pronouncement

she actually does make in the film. Rounding on Raleigh with an expression subtly compounded of admiration at the gesture and anger at its prodigality, she exclaims:—"Pick it up, man, pick-it-up!"

The whole film is exactly like this characteristic incident—moody, unhistorical, enjoyable. Wisely, no attempt has been made to give anything like the complete scope of the spacious days of Great Elizabeth. There is no glimpse of Philip Sidney or Hawkins or Bacon or Lord Burleigh or Essex or the Immortal William. (Those who object that it could not all be telescoped have little experience of what film-writers can do in this line when they take the notion!) We stay in the Court and the temptation has been resisted to take Elizabeth even as far afield as Tilbury. Similarly, we do not see Raleigh on any of his many voyages. There is indeed mention of only one, and we rather miss the sight of him planting tobacco and potatoes in Edmund Spenser's garden. We have no more than a glimpse of the Earl of Leicester in the background. But Herbert Marshall, who plays Leicester, has nothing whatever in common with all we have ever read about that statesmen except an unmistakable Englishness.

No, "The Virgin Queen" concentrates solely on Elizabeth's relations with Raleigh who, as played by Richard Todd, is a rather sheepish and quite unscrupulous young man, whose chief virtue was an uncheckable loyalty. She forgave him. She made him Captain of the Royal Guard. She knighted him from her sick-bed. She even overlooked, with considerable difficulty, his wooing of a lady-in-waiting called

history, moreover, is heinous to the point of childishness, and the mental level of the plot is just about that of the high-coloured romances which used to be written for little boys before they have grown to the comparatively adult age when they read—or used to



OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A SCENE FROM "ANOTHER CURRENT HISTORIC RHAPSODY," "THE KING'S THIEF" (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER). MICHAEL DERMOTT (EDMUND PURDOM), WHO HAS JUST BEEN CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF STEALING THE CROWN JEWELS, KNEELS BEFORE CHARLES II. (GEORGE SANDERS), WHILE THE DUKE OF BRAMPTON (DAVID NIVEN; CENTRE) LOOKS ON. (LONDON PREMIERE, OCTOBER 6; RITZ, LEICESTER SQUARE.)

read—Rider Haggard. The monarch here is King Charles II. who, as enacted by George Sanders, seems to be interested in hardly anything else except six spaniels which he leads about on one controlling string, and in telescopes, in the use of which he is being instructed by his private astronomer, a Mr. Isaac Newton.

There is also a gallant Irish highwayman, played by Edmund Purdom, who is determined to save the King from the machinations of one Duke of Brampton played by David Niven. The highwayman's drastic method of obtaining a Royal interview is to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, and the culmination of the picture is a preposterous fight between the highwayman and a single decrepit Yeoman of the Guard who is finally knocked out by the Royal Mace itself. (One would have thought that the career of the actual Colonel Thomas Blood would have been a far more likely subject for a film set in this period. But film-producers never seem to think of such potential film-material until film-critics kindly come along and draw their attention to such documented history, without hope or at least without prospect of reward.) Mr. Niven plays like a perplexed puma, Mr. Purdom like a good-looking and wary lynx. And alone in the cast Mr. Sanders has not the slightest air of being in the least ashamed of himself.

A third film, "I Am A Camera," is not regal at all but is certainly rhapsodical. It emanates from John van Druten's play of the same title, which in turn emanated from Christopher Isherwood's Berlin stories built round the amoral but fascinating character of Sally Bowles. Julie Harris is piquant and highly mannered (as she has to be) as Sally, and Laurence Harvey plays intelligently as Isherwood himself, though turning him into a kind of handsome stoat. The other players—with the exception of Lea Seidl, capital as the German landlady—do not appear to be very much interested. But the truth is that a good deal of the interest has evaporated through under-emphasis on the sinister Berlin background which was the setting of the stories and the play.



A FAMOUS LEGENDARY SCENE ENACTED IN THE FILM, "THE VIRGIN QUEEN" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), SHOWS QUEEN ELIZABETH (BETTE DAVIS) ABOUT TO STEP ON THE CLOAK PROFFERED BY WALTER RALEIGH (RICHARD TODD). (LONDON PREMIERE, OCTOBER 6; CARLTON, HAYMARKET.)

Beth Throgmorton. She finally granted him the ship he craved in order to go exploring the New World. And the last time we see her she is gazing, with an angry fondness, at her Raleigh and that other Beth waving farewell as they sail down the Thames.

Certain negative qualities keep this lively film well above our contempt. It has none—or very few—of the tushery, the marry-come-ups and beshrew-mes, which we have grown to expect in all films and plays about the Tudors. Its language has, in fact, a certain dignity. But all dignity goes by the board in another current historic rhapsody called "The King's Thief." Here the dialogue is all that we have grown to expect, and if possible a little more so. Its playing about with

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: A CLIFF COLLAPSE,
THE MOTOR SHOW, A FIRE, AND OTHER ITEMS.



(ABOVE.) GETTING RID OF AN UNWANTED PRESENT: TONS OF RUBBLE BEING REMOVED FROM "THE GIFT SHOP" ON THE SEA FRONT AT RAMSGATE AFTER THE CLIFF COLLAPSED.

Firemen and gangs of workmen searched through a 40-ft. mound of debris, and eighty American volunteers from the U.S.A.F. camp at Manston shared in floodlit digging operations, after the cliff face and a public stairway collapsed at Ramsgate, Kent, early on October 22 after the gales. There were no casualties.

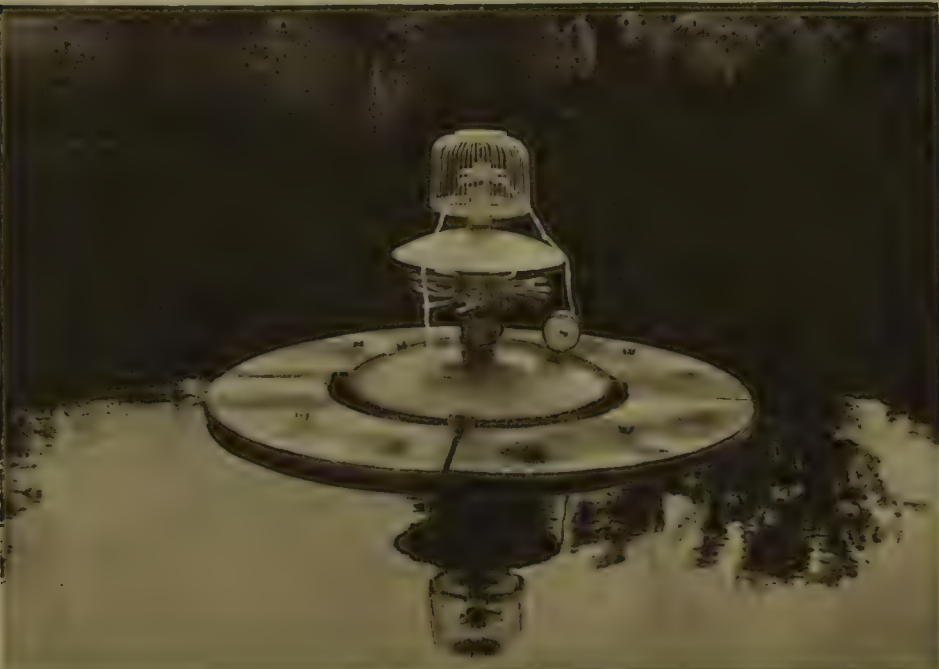
(RIGHT.) A PRESENT FOR 617 SQUADRON, R.A.F.: A MODEL OF THE MOHNE DAM, MADE AND PRESENTED BY THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT BRANCH OF THE R.A.F. ASSOCIATION.

This model of the Mohne Dam (which was breached by 617 Squadron, R.A.F., in May 1943) was made by two members of the Savings Department Branch of the Royal Air Forces Association (Mr. K. Patchett and Mr. W. L. Thomas). It measures 9 ft. by 3 ft., and was presented on October 21 by the Branch to 617 Squadron. It is here being admired by (l.to r.) Dr. Barnes Wallis (who invented the bomb which breached the dam), Flying Officer D. Cummings, adjutant of the squadron, and Squadron Leader Shannon, who took part in the bombing mission.



(RIGHT.) THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AT EARLS COURT AFTER THE SHOW HAD BEEN OPENED BY ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN.

On October 19 Admiral Lord Mountbatten, First Sea Lord, opened the International Motor Exhibition at Earls Court. The day's paid attendance was 16,192—1073 more than the figure on the first day of last year's exhibition. Oversea visitors numbered about 1500 on the opening day. In his speech Lord Mountbatten drew attention to the effect of rising car production on the road situation, and said that he was glad that we are starting to modernise our highways system.



SUGGESTING A WATER-LILY FROM OUTER SPACE: A FLOATING DEVICE FOR FIGHTING FIRES IN OIL OR PETROL TANKS. IT GOES INTO ACTION AUTOMATICALLY WHEN A FIRE STARTS, AND LIQUIDS ARE SPRAYED FROM REVOLVING JETS. IT IS CLAIMED THAT IT CAN BRING A FIRE UNDER CONTROL WITHIN SECONDS.



DESTROYED BY FIRE: THE HIPPODROME, THE OLDEST CINEMA IN GLOUCESTER, WHERE FIRE BROKE OUT ON OCTOBER 23. AN AUDIENCE OF OVER 1000 PEOPLE FILED TO SAFETY THROUGH EMERGENCY EXITS IN AN ORDERLY MANNER WHEN THE ALARM WAS GIVEN. THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES.

THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR DAY: PREPARATIONS AND PAGEANTRY.



VISITING NELSON: STEEPLEJACKS STOP FOR A SMOKE AFTER CLIMBING NELSON'S COLUMN TO PREPARE FOR TRAFALGAR DAY CELEBRATIONS.



NELSON IN WAX: THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR SEEN IN EFFIGY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. THE FIGURE WAS REPLACED IN 1951 AFTER A WARTIME ABSENCE.



FLYING THE FAMOUS SIGNAL: NELSON'S COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, THE SCENE OF A TRAFALGAR DAY CEREMONY WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ATTENDED.



UNDERNEATH H.M.S. VICTORY: WORKMEN REPAIRING THE KEEL OF NELSON'S FLAGSHIP AT TRAFALGAR, NOW IN PERMANENT DRY-DOCK AT PORTSMOUTH.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE SPOT WHERE NELSON FELL: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR GEORGE CREASY, DURING A SERVICE ON BOARD H.M.S. VICTORY.



RE-ENACTING A GLORIOUS MOMENT OF OUR NAVAL HISTORY: H.M.S. VICTORY FLYING NELSON'S TRAFALGAR SIGNAL AS SHE DID 150 YEARS AGO.

The 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar was commemorated by services and ceremonies in many parts of Britain on October 21. The Duke of Edinburgh attended a Trafalgar Day service in Trafalgar Square, where the Nelson column had been decorated with green garlands and the gaily-coloured flags of the famous battle signal. Afterwards, the Duke laid a wreath at the plinth, watched by contingents representing the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines. At Portsmouth, where she lies in permanent dry-dock, H.M.S. *Victory* flew Nelson's Trafalgar

signal throughout the day. Here, too, a service was held, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Creasy, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, laid a wreath on the quarter-deck where Nelson fell. During the day, the Queen sent a signal to the Navy: "Splice the mainbrace." Gibraltar, too, commemorated the anniversary, for the Battle of Trafalgar was fought only forty miles away and the *Victory*, bearing Lord Nelson's body, and other ships of the English fleet, halted there after the battle to revictual and to land their wounded.

THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR: A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE AS SEEN THROUGH FRENCH EYES.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF CAPTAIN LUCAS, OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, ON THE ACTION FOUGHT BY, AND THE LOSS OF THE REDOUTABLE, WHICH HE COMMANDED AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805, AND FROM WHICH WAS FIRED THE SHOT WHICH KILLED NELSON.



Le Vaisseau de S.M. le R. le Redoutable de 74 canons, Commandé par le Capitaine de Vaisseau Lucas, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur. Combatant à l'abordage le Vaisseau anglais le Victory de 120 Canons tué par l'Amiral Nelson qui fut tué dans cet engagement. L'Amiral avait pu parvenir à couper la ligne de l'Armée Combinée à l'époque de l'Amiral français.

HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY'S SHIP REDOUTABLE, 74 GUNS, COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN LUCAS, OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, BOARDING THE ENGLISH SHIP VICTORY, 120 GUNS, THE FLAGSHIP OF ADMIRAL NELSON, WHO WAS KILLED IN THIS ENGAGEMENT WITHOUT HAVING BEEN ABLE TO CUT THE LINE OF THE COMBINED FLEET OF THE FRENCH ADMIRAL. (A FREE TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE FRENCH PRINT.)

This vivid account of the action fought by the Redoutable, taken from the "Journal de la campagne du Vau 'L'Algésirace,' commandé par le Capitaine de Vau Brouard et monté par le Contre-Amiral Magon à l'usage du Lieutenant de Vau Philibert, son Adjutant." This journal, containing a description of the events leading to the Battle of Trafalgar and the action itself, has, as far as can be ascertained, never before been published.

AT 11.45 a.m., the enemy column which was approaching our part of the line having come within range, the *Bucentaure* and her consort ahead opened fire on the *Victory*. I called most of the captains of the guns to the quarterdeck to point out to them how badly our ships were firing. All their shot struck too low or fell short. I impressed upon them the need of firing so as to dismast the enemy, and above all of aiming properly.

At 11.45 a.m., the *Redoutable* opened fire with a single shot from the lower deck, which cut through the fore-topsail yard of.

[Continued below, left.]

Continued.]

the *Victory*, which was still steering straight toward the fore part of the *Redoutable*; a shout of joy went up throughout the ship, and our fire was well sustained; in less than 10 minutes' time, our enemy had lost her mizzen topmast and her main topgallant masts. I still kept so close to the *Bucentaure* that I received repeated warnings from her stern gallery that we were going to run foul of her. In fact, the bowsprit of the *Redoutable* grazed her taffrail, but I assured her that there was nothing to fear. The damage which the *Victory* had sustained had no effect on the audacity of Admiral Nelson's manoeuvre, as he still persisted in attempting to cut through our line ahead of the *Redoutable*, and was threatening to board us if we dared oppose him; the immediate proximity of this three-decker, which was closely followed by the *Temeraire*, a ship of equal strength, far from intimidating our intrepid crew, on the contrary merely raised their courage, and to prove to the British Admiral that we were not in the least scared of him boarding us, I had the grappels hoisted to every yard arm. Finally, the *Victory* having failed to pass astern of the French Admiral, she boarded us on the port beam in such a way that our poop was at the level of her quarterdeck; in this position the grappling irons were thrown across her bulwarks; these were cut away aft, but forward they held; our broadsides were fired point blank, and resulted in an appalling carnage. . . . The enemy guns having ceased to reply, I noticed that the enemy were preparing to board us, as their men were crowding on to the upper decks. I had the trumpets sounded, a signal familiar to us from our training exercises, to call the boarding parties; they came on deck in such impeccable order, led by their officers and midshipmen, that it might have been thought a figment of the imagination. In less than a minute our decks were covered with men who were hurling themselves toward the poop, the bulwarks and into the shrouds: it was impossible to take note of individual bravery. Thereupon began a combat of musketry, in which Admiral Nelson was fighting at the head of his men; our fire was so superior that in less than



Le Vaisseau de S.M. le R. le Redoutable de 74 canons, Commandé par le Capitaine de Vaisseau Lucas, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur. Combatant à l'abordage les deux Vaisseaux anglais le Victory de 120 Canons tué par l'Amiral Nelson et le Temeraire de 110 Canons tué par le Capitaine de Vaisseau Lucas. L'Amiral avait pu parvenir à couper la ligne de l'Armée Combinée à l'époque de l'Amiral français.

HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL MAJESTY'S SHIP REDOUTABLE, 74 GUNS, COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN LUCAS, OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, BOARDING THE TWO ENGLISH THREE-DECKERS, THE VICTORY, 120 GUNS, FLAGSHIP OF ADMIRAL NELSON, AND THE TEMERAIRE, 110 GUNS, WHILE SHE WAS BEING BOMBARDED FROM ASTERN BY THE TONNANT, 80 GUNS. (A FREE TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE FRENCH PRINT.)

15 minutes we had silenced that of the *Victory*; more than 200 grenades were hurled on to her decks, with a high degree of success: her upper deck was littered with dead and wounded; Admiral Nelson was killed by the fire of our musketry. Immediately thereupon, the enemy decks were evacuated and the *Victory* ceased fighting us; but it was difficult to board her on account of the movements of the two ships and also because of the greater height of her third deck. . . . The three-decker *Temeraire*, which no doubt had observed that the *Victory* had ceased resistance and would indubitably be made a prize, came with all sail set upon our starboard beam and fired at us point blank with her whole broadside; it would be difficult to describe the extent of the carnage caused by this murderous broadside from that ship, more than 200 of our brave men being killed or wounded. I, too, was wounded at that instant, but not seriously enough to prevent me from remaining at my post.

The full report of Captain Lucas (of which the above is an extract) is published in *The Illustrated London News* Christmas Number, which will be on sale on November 11, price 3s. 6d. Copies can be ordered now from your regular newsagent or bookstall manager, or may be obtained from The Publisher, *The Illustrated London News*, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, price 3s. 10d. including postage.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

LATELY the saint, or maharishi, has become an established character in fiction; even profane writers have had a try at him. But he is something that they can't do; that the "perennial philosophers" can't do; and that I strongly suspect nobody can do. Most likely, it would require a saint or maharishi to put one across. Yet it is an alluring theme; and if it could ever be handled from the outside, one would suppose that power, intensity of vision, and a precise and fervent creed were the best instruments.

All these we naturally find in "The Lamb," by François Mauriac (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.). The Lamb is Xavier Dartigelongue; and he is on his way to the Seminary. But the train has not even pulled out, when he succumbs once more to "the temptation of others." That is his name for an irresistible, clairvoyant interest in certain people, and a belief that he has not met them by chance. "He believed that the number of the elect was small, but that each one of them had the power to enrol in his train all the souls, no matter how seemingly damned, who had ever turned to him." Only, the redeemer has to be a sacrifice. But Xavier has always known himself to be a sacrifice. "It was not he who existed, but the beings before whom he felt perpetually as though lifted up that he might give his life to them. . . ." And now the strangers are a young couple saying good-bye. The wife is miserable; the husband leaves her without a glance. And Xavier's heart "melts with tenderness. . . ." He has been told to resist these casual promptings; they are not charity, says his Director, they are a hidden peril. Therefore, it is his duty to ignore the young man. Indeed, he struggles to ignore him. And then he throws over the Seminary and goes back with him, "like a lamb with its feet tied together."

For Michèle's sake; these two are the unhappy Jean and Michèle, of *La Pharisienne*. Yet at Larjuzon, he never thinks of her. First, his attention is diverted to a first love—a thin, chaste girl, offering "the unresplendent happiness made up of failures and privations, of shames and losses and sins. . . ." Yet no, he mustn't hope for it. There is a founding boy, about to be tossed back to the workhouse, whom he can never forsake. . . . Then he contrives to pass Roland to the girl. But there is still an obstacle; there is the unbelieving Curé. And now he has guessed right; this is the human being "for whom his death is demanded."

M. Mauriac is incomparably good at sin and misery; and at the sough of the pines, the hooting of an owl, the bang of a shutter. But he is not so good at loving-kindness. In fact, one can't help agreeing with Xavier's Director; that this exclusive and extremely fickle tenderness has something suspect about it. Yet we are told repeatedly that the hero is like Christ; and both the elaborate ladder-dragging scene and—if I read it right—Xavier's "suicide" are meant to recall the Passion of Christ. Neither convinces; and the ladder scene is painful in the wrong way.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Self-Betrayed," by Joseph Wechsberg (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), really presents two different themes. What may be called the title-story is about Bruno Stern, who grew up to be a Communist "hangman" and was destroyed in a purge. Its fellow, expressed in the dedication "*To My Classmates—Wherever They Are*," is an enchanting little book of early memories.

Though, of course, they are linked up. Jacques Willert, the narrator, starts on a November day of 1919, with the appearance of the "new boy" in class. The scene is an industrial town in Czechoslovakia. And the *Gymnasium* contains all sorts: boys of a dozen nationalities and five or six different religions, as well as Leo Kafka, who has been told to call himself an atheist. The Christians envy the Jewish holidays; everyone envies Leo Kafka, because he gets off the religious-instruction periods, and spends them at "the fanciest place of sin in town." Otherwise, creeds don't matter; nor wealth, nor poverty, nor any other kind of divergence. And yet "Stern Bruno" remains unassimilated—because he doesn't care to be assimilated. And on the rare occasions when he warms up, it is to declaim on "social justice" and the iniquity of his father's department store.

Then comes the great gap of the war. And the narrator, now American, returns just once, and gets his single glimpse of the new Bruno. No doubt the return is also based on fact. But it is public fact—the same horrible old story; and it throws no more light on Bruno than we had originally. Whereas the town and school have a unique charm.

"Walled City," by Mary Dunstan (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is the story of a rogue and vagabond who sets out to fleece an elderly Maltese lady. Isabel Ferrat lost everyone belonging to her in the first war, when she was a girl of fifteen. Ever since then, she has mewed herself up in her ancestral palace in the old city of Mdina. Ollie Ladock only heard of her by chance, but he is primed with a superb though phoney claim on her. A daft old girl, sure to be easy money. . . .

However, Isabel sees through him at once. She has retired from life, into the unharmed, historic past; but she is all there intellectually. Her first plan is to give him a fright. Then she is checked by his good nature . . . begins to feel responsible for him . . . begins to like having him around. . . . And so on, to a neatly dramatic ending. The tale is rather made up; but it has a pleasant irony, though the historic flashbacks could be spared.

"The Man With Two Ties," by Helen and Louwrens van Rensburg (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is about a "new boy" at the Sandveld diamond mine. Jake has signed on because he needs to "catch up on his income tax." That is the universal reason—money; but for the money, people would be as likely to sign on for a concentration camp. And yet he still doesn't know half of it. But now a series of informants put in a magnificent job of showing him round. It is sparkingly done; it is the background to end all backgrounds. The usual penalty in such cases is that the problem itself falls rather flat. This one, of course, hinges on diamond-smuggling; it starts with a body on Jake's bed, and has a lot of lively incident—but it can't compete with the mine.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"YOU should pay Dr. Ernest Jones a call . . . he much admires you for what you have done in chess." I must have blushed with pleasure when I read these words in a letter from a friend now dead—dear old Mrs. Nicholas, of Peterborough; for Dr. Ernest Jones had told me all I knew about psycho-analysis, through the thin, little popular book so packed with information, which he had written for the millions.

Now, at seventy-six, he has brought out the second part of his monumental "Life of Freud," and never have I known the critics receive a book with such unanimous esteem.

Psycho-analysis has made a queer impact on me. Three times only, in an almost unbearably full life, have I swept aside other distractions for the moment and had a spasm of reading about it; and each time I have had a problem almost flung at me afterwards which I was able to solve.

First a colleague teacher at a boys' school came down to breakfast three mornings in succession, haggard, complaining that he had had the same recurrent nightmare for months. "There's an aeroplane hovering above me just ready to bomb me out of existence. I lie there for what seems eternity, in an agony of fear. . . ." "Let's tackle this dream of yours," I said after prep. that night; and, groping mentally for all I knew about dream analysis, I started plying him with questions about his early life. Quite soon, we discovered that this dream had started after a serious motor-bike accident which had left him temporarily unconscious; this discovery helped, I think, by arousing his interest and co-operation.

But this had only been the trigger. What was the ammunition?

I pottered laboriously on with my questions for hours. The fire died down, the room went cold. I began to wonder what more could I ask. I recalled the mysteries of sublimation, symbolism. I knew you might dream about a room and it really meant a girl, for instance—but there are hundreds of such well-established bits of dream "code" of which, I knew only too well, I was lamentably ignorant. I might have had the key to the problem under my nose for the last hour, without recognising it. Just as I was thinking of giving up, the break came.

A look of such intensity came over my friend's face that to think of it now still sends a shiver down my spine. "I have it!" he shouted. He went on to describe how, in the First World War, when a tiny child playing in the garden, he had been horribly frightened by a big balloon which suddenly appeared above. Terrible stories having filtered through to his child consciousness about Zeppelins, he thought it must be one of these. Slowly it floated away, leaving him numb with fear. "Of course, I realise now, it must have been one of our own—a captive observation balloon or something."

The quest was over! Only two more questions remained to be asked. I took a deep breath and came out with the first. "This was about seventeen years ago. Have you ever recalled the incident since, or mentioned it to anyone?" He must answer No! I think I would have cried in sheer vexation if he had not. "No!" he muttered ruminatively. "I never mentioned it to my parents then—heaven knows why!—and I've never even thought about it since." I explained how this unfortunate repression of the memory had led to its festering under the surface like an abscess and bursting out (disguised only slightly, luckily for me!) years later.

The final question could only be posed after an interval of months. "Have I cured you? Has the dream gone?" It was never asked. I left the school a week or so afterwards—Isn't life like that?—and have never seen him since.

Of my second essay in practical psycho-analysis, of Dr. Jones's brilliant examination of the life of Paul Morphy, and of his little bit of analysis of a game against me, my space being filled, I fear I shall not be able to tell you until next week.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM CONTEMPORARY FRANCE TO BAUDELAIRE'S ART CRITICISM.

M. HERBERT LÜTHY'S "The State of France" (Secker and Warburg; 35s.) is, in my opinion, one of the most important studies of that unhappy country that has appeared since the war. His thesis is one that will surprise most of us. He believes that the key to the French paradox lies in the immense power and in the rigid structure of her bureaucracy, which was the creation, not of the 1789 Revolution, nor of any of the nineteenth-century empires, monarchies, or republics, but of the eighteenth-century Bourbon monarchy. The fact that this bureaucracy survives in all its strength gives France an inner stability which protects her against the ludicrous instability of her Governments. M. Lüthy believes, too, that the French nation is to an overwhelming extent bourgeois, peasant and conservative. He draws the very interesting deduction that the violence of the French working-

class protest is due to the fact that heavy industry has never properly been assimilated into the life of the nation. "But," he writes, "the necessities of the social and economic organisation of big industry have burst her inner structure before bursting her national framework. One line of this development has led to the Europeanisation of heavy industry, and the other to the dissidence of the working-class, which constitutes a new 'inner émigré' class; one leads in the direction of European integration, and the other in the direction of national disintegration."

This thesis, with the conclusions to which it obviously leads, is of the first importance. As to the French Empire, M. Lüthy is critical of its Government and administration, but hopeful that it may prove a solvent between Europe and the Arab States. It is more than doubtful whether he would still maintain this in view of what is going on in Morocco and Algeria just now. For so serious a work, this book is most readable. The forty Immortals of the Académie Française, says M. Lüthy, "have for three hundred years been working on a French dictionary, and have again and again laid down a hundred years late how an educated Frenchman should and should not express himself." History in the most elegant of nutshells!

As one who has inveighed, both in public and in private, against the appalling damage done between the wars by the ungallant little army of British left-wing intellectuals, it was not likely that I should take kindly to "The Whispering Gallery," the first volume of Mr. John Lehmann's autobiography (Longmans; 21s.). Yet I found in it qualities which no one could fail to respect, such as honesty, sincerity, and a candid admission that he and his contemporaries had, to a large extent, permitted themselves to be hoodwinked by promises of a Socialist Utopia, especially by the Russian mirage. Mr. Lehmann makes it plain that he came from a background of the comfortable upper middle classes. He was happy at home, normally contented and successful at school. Thus he has not the excuse of a Freudian chip on the shoulder for his long flirtation with the forces which still threaten to disintegrate our civilisation and all the values which Mr. Lehmann himself cherishes most dearly. What was it that caused these young men to surrender to such blatant illusions?

A possible reason occurs to me, which I will suggest further on. Meanwhile, let me pay a tribute to the quality of Mr. Lehmann's prose, which is of a very high order indeed. It has a gentle, evocative charm, meandering peacefully like the Thames, beside which lay his childhood's home, graceful and slightly touched with melancholy. It reminded me of the work of Mr. Algernon Cecil, and that is high praise.

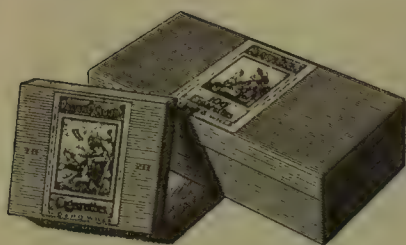
Mr. Lehmann's self-revelations are in startling contrast with those of Mr. C. S. Lewis, whose title, "Surprised by Joy" (Bles; 15s.), lends an altogether too whimsical touch to a far from whimsical picture. Mr. Lewis's experiences were almost the opposite of Mr. Lehmann's. He had, it is true, a happy home life, but he does not dwell upon it as Mr. Lehmann does. At both his schools—or rather, at all three—he was miserably unhappy. If the psychiatrists are right, he ought to have endured such psychological damage that he would have spent the rest of his life punishing society and his personal environment for it. But Mr. Lewis survived, and survived triumphantly, by an ultimate surrender to what he describes as "the great Angler," who "played His fish and I never dreamed that the hook was in my tongue."

There is, surely, only one possible resolution to the extraordinary paradox presented by these two books. On the one hand Mr. Lehmann, who was preoccupied with things excellent in themselves—humanitarianism, literature, poetry—made his mistake by trying to treat these things as ultimates. They are not so, and the metaphysical foundering of Mr. Lewis—even when he is being beguiled by a school matron who was a Rosicrucian, and bewildered by university friends who became Anthroposophists (my imagination is still boggling over that splendidly nonsensical term) were to lead him to a far surer goal.

I am, alas! no art critic. When confronted with most of the productions which flow from modern studios, I prefer, with Dr. Johnson, to "withdraw my attention and think about Tom Thumb."

And while accepting Baudelaire as the great writer that he was, I am not prepared to grant him an unmixed admiration. But I found that Mr. Jonathan Mayne's translated edition of Baudelaire's critical studies, "The Mirror of Art" (Phaidon Press; 18s.), was so good that it ranks with my first three titles this week to make up one of the best selections that it has ever been my good fortune to recommend to readers. I was first allured by an essay called "Why Sculpture is Tiresome," which somewhat failed to live up to what I regarded as its early promise, and then lit upon another "On the Essence of Laughter," which interested me because it was so essentially Baudelairean. He holds that "the comic is one of the clearest tokens of the Satanic in man. . . . Laughter comes from the idea of one's own superiority." A Satanic idea, if ever there was one! With this singularly untheistic hope (if Mr. Lewis will forgive me) in my tongue, I read on, with pleasure and—I hope—profit, because I learnt a number of singular facts about the work of Vernet, Delacroix and Ingres. Oddly enough, it was most enjoyable.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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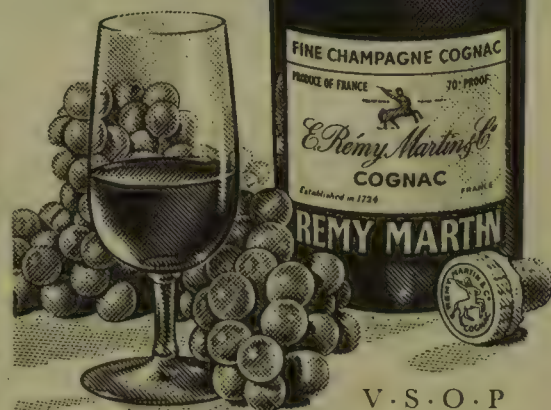
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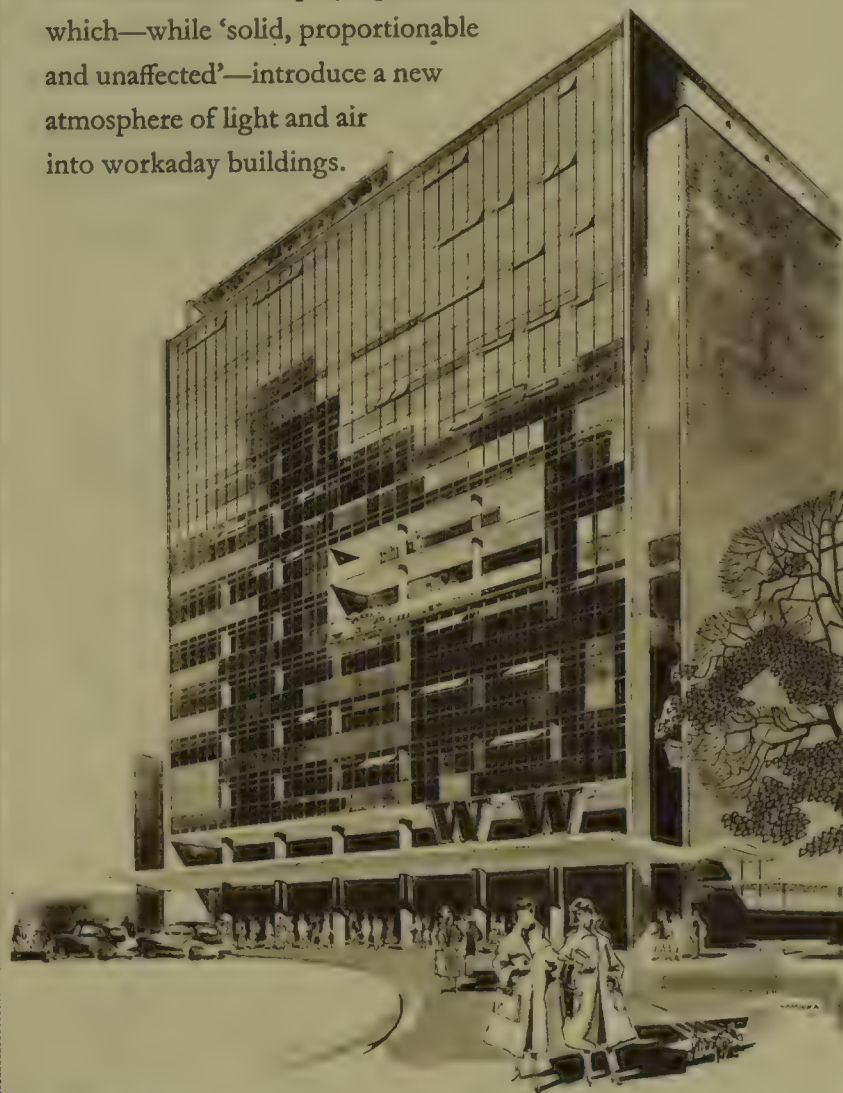


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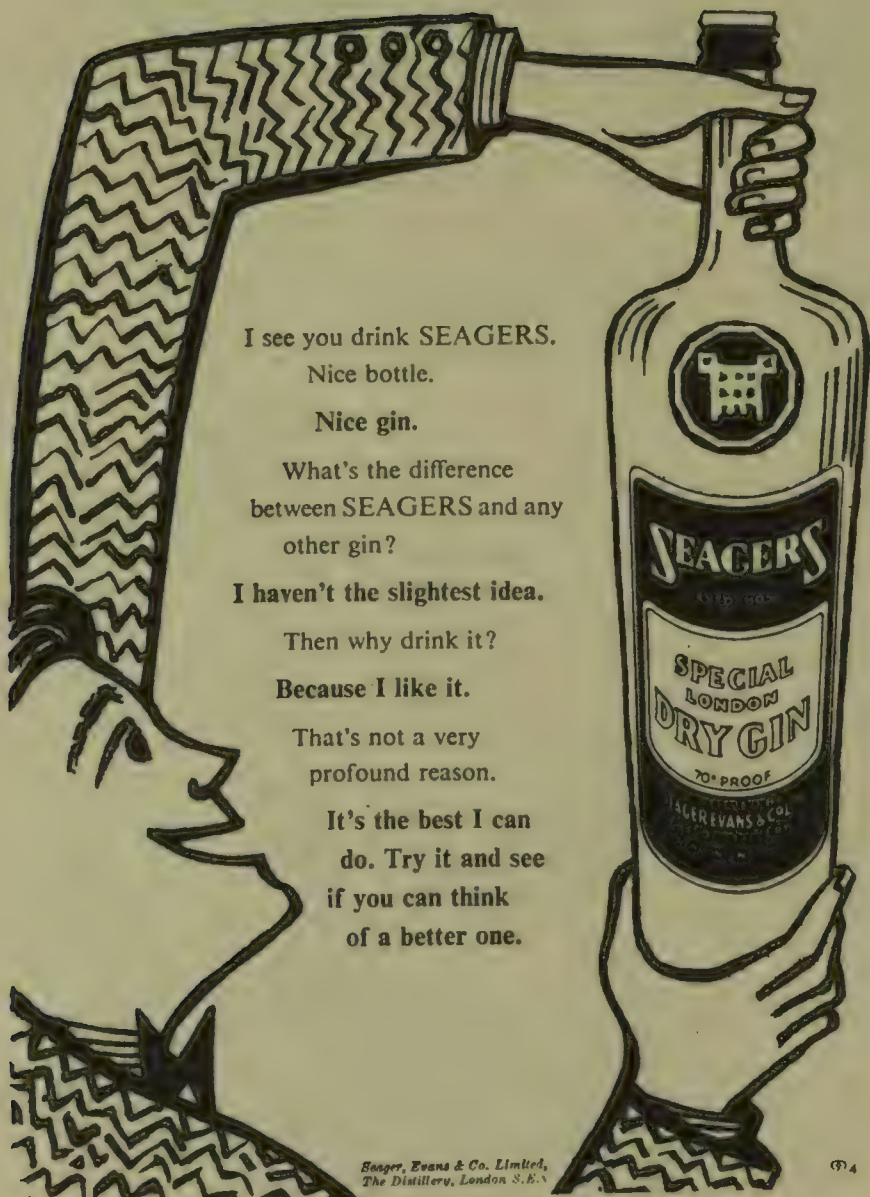
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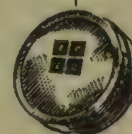


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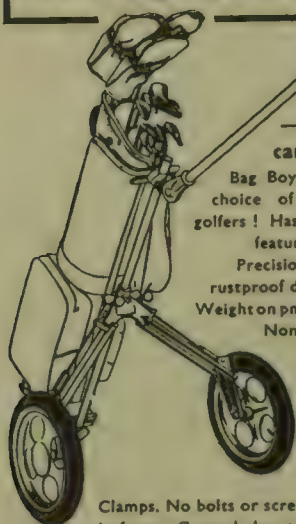
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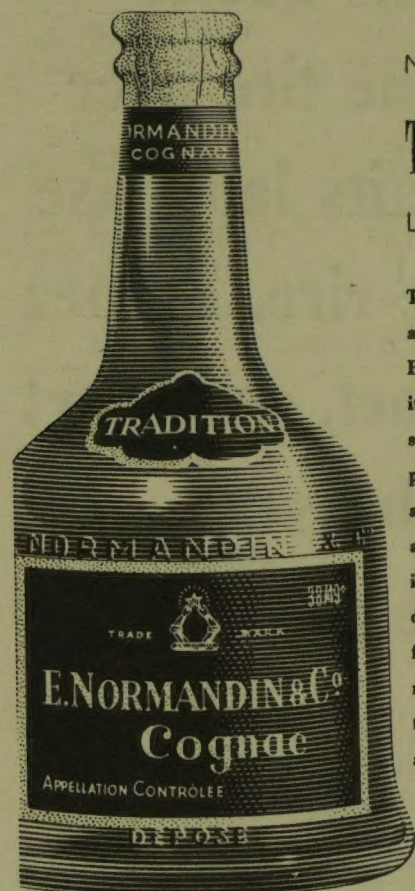
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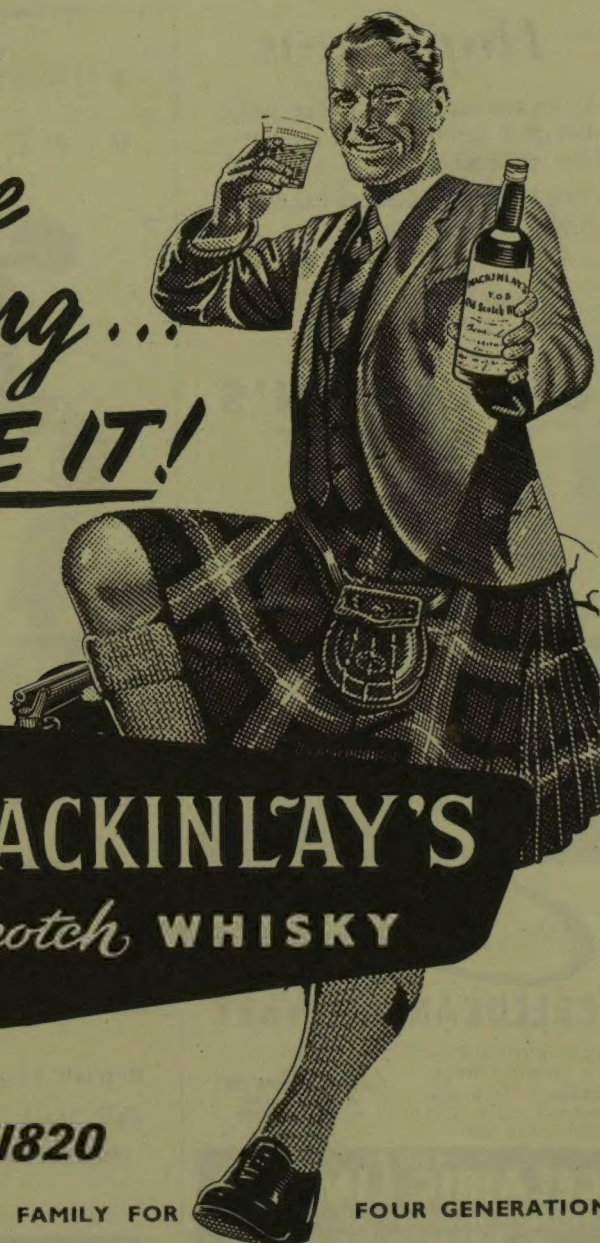
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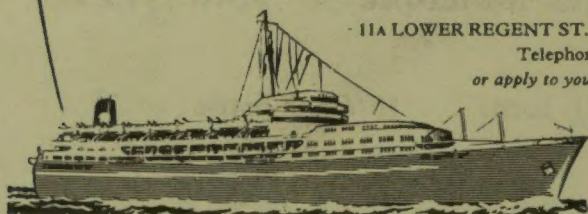


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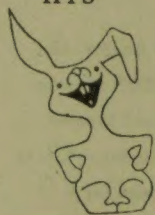
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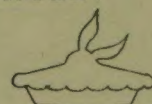
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